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THE NEW YORKER

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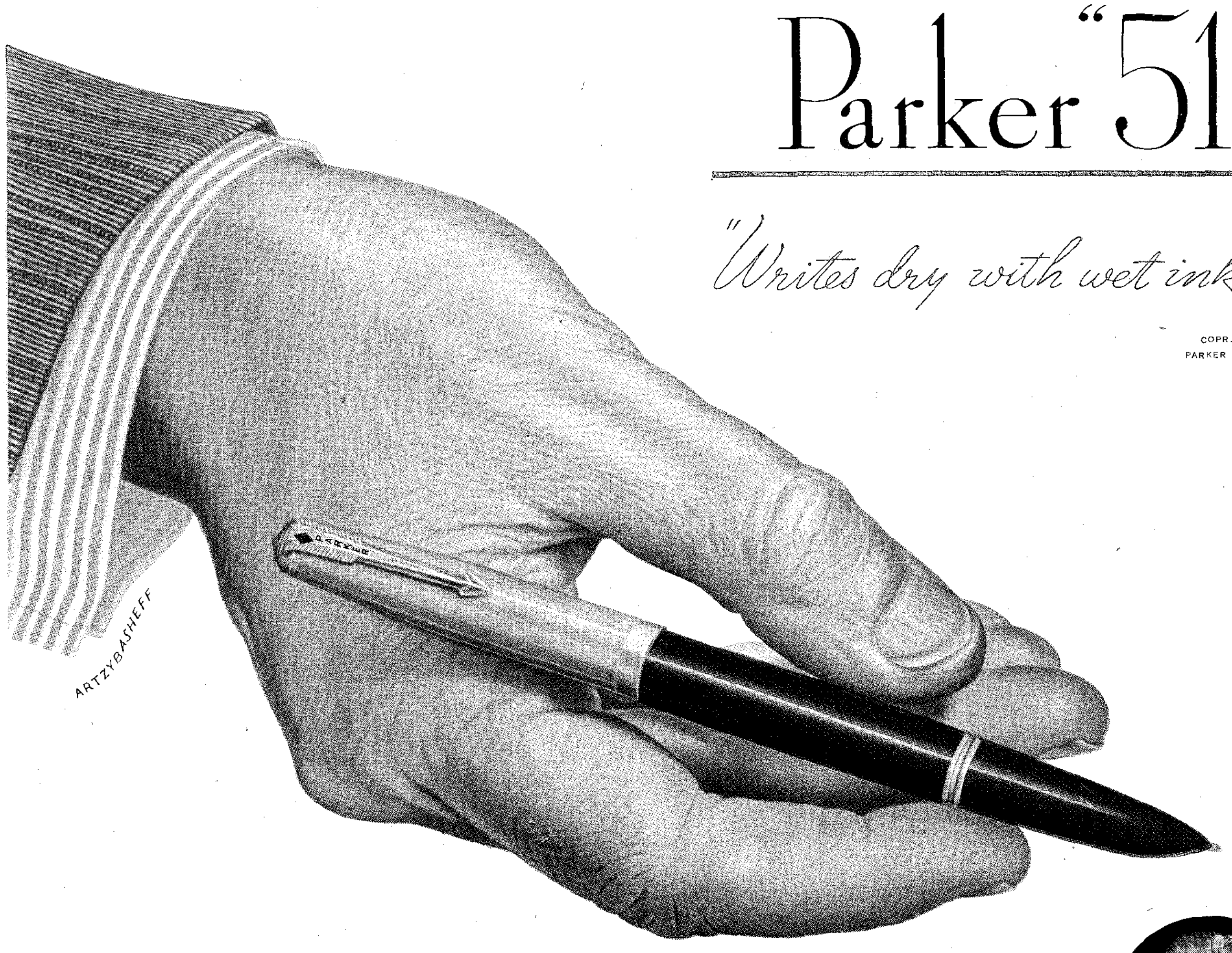

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

American Repertory Theatre—Not entirely satisfactory productions of "Pound on Demand," "Androcles and the Lion," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "Henry VIII." The company includes Eva Le Gallienne, Walter Hampden, Margaret Webster, and Ernest Truex. The schedule for this week and next follows: "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 30-31, at 8:40. . . . ¶ "John Gabriel Borkman," Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 1, at 2:50 and 8:50. . . . ¶ "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Sunday matinée and evening, Feb. 2, at 2:40 and 8:40, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 4-5, at 8:40. . . . ¶ "Henry VIII," Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 6-7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 8, at 2:40 and 8:40. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CI 5-4884.)

Another Part of the Forest—Lillian Hellman takes the characters in "The Little Foxes" back to 1880, when they were almost as bad as they turned out to be later on. Unfortunately, the play is by no means up to its predecessor, in spite of excellent performances by Patricia Neal, Margaret Phillips, and Leo Genn. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This revival of the 1927 play about a comedian who couldn't stand success is both funny and touching. Bert Lahr does a fine, characteristic job, and Jean Parker assists him very prettily. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Christopher Blake—Moss Hart investigates the effect of divorce on the mind of a twelve-year-old boy, half in realistic terms, half in fantasy. The latter is much the better. Richard Tyler, Shepperd Strudwick, and Martha Sleeper head the large cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—The question here is whether José Ferrer is more persuasive in the title role than Walter Hampden, and the answer seems to be yes as a comedian and no as a lover. Frances Reid plays Roxane, and Ernest Graves is Christian. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Fatal Weakness—Ina Claire as delightful as ever in George Kelly's comedy dealing with middle-aged divorce. Margaret Douglas and Howard St. John are also in it. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Happy Birthday—What might easily happen to a girl if she just chanced to wander into a bar on a rainy afternoon. Helen Hayes is really superb at the head of a cast that includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's four-hour play proving that life is insupportable without illusions. Beautifully acted and produced, but not, perhaps, quite up to his old mark. In the cast of dreamy bums are James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid, and Nicholas Joy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Joan of Lorraine—Maxwell Anderson's ingenious and generally highly effective variation of the Maid of Orleans legend. Ingrid Bergman gives one of the finest performances of several seasons. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Lady Windermere's Fan—Cecil Beaton's nineteenth-century costumes and sets are the real stars of this revival of the Wilde comedy. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood do very nicely, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little A—Otto Kruger and Jessie Royce Landis in a complicated and not terribly entertaining melodrama concerning a woman who plots to have her husband declared insane. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 1.)

Present Laughter—Noel Coward's comedy about an actor who has too many lady friends is far below par. With Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Years Ago—Fredric March is practically perfect in Ruth Gordon's extremely pleasant and witty play about her ambitious youth. Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are most engaging as the women of the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** A big-time crook (Paul Douglas) and the little girl who ruins his racket. Judy Holliday will return to the cast on Feb. 3. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **life with father:** You know—"Life with Father." With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy dealing with Republican politics and principles. With Kay Francis and Minor Watson. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** John van Druten's play about a sergeant and his two girls. With Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

All My Sons—A play by Arthur Miller, directed by Elia Kazan and produced by Harold Clurman, Walter Fried, and Mr. Kazan. Beth Merrill and Arthur Kennedy have the leading roles. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman is an ear-splitting delight in this saga of Little Sure-shot. Irving Berlin is responsible for the excellent music and lyrics, and the competent cast includes Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beggar's Holiday—A modernization of "The Beggar's Opera" that has originality and charm but somehow doesn't achieve a unified effect. Duke Ellington wrote the score and John Latouche the book and lyrics. Alfred Drake heads a large and gifted cast of whites and Negroes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Call Me Mister—A lot of ex-G.I.s and their girls in a happy military offering, with sketches by Arnold Auerbach and songs by Harold Rome. Jules Munshin and Bill Callahan are in the cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Finian's Rainbow—A good, bright, dancing musical, which is complicated rather than helped by a plot that turns a leprechaun loose in a Tobacco Road state. With Ella Logan, David Wayne, Donald Richards, and other tuneful performers. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Street Scene—The old Elmer Rice classic put effectively, if a bit pretentiously, into operatic form, with a cast that can really sing. The music is by Kurt Weill, the book by Mr. Rice, and the lyrics by Langston Hughes. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark tears this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight, Mark Daw-

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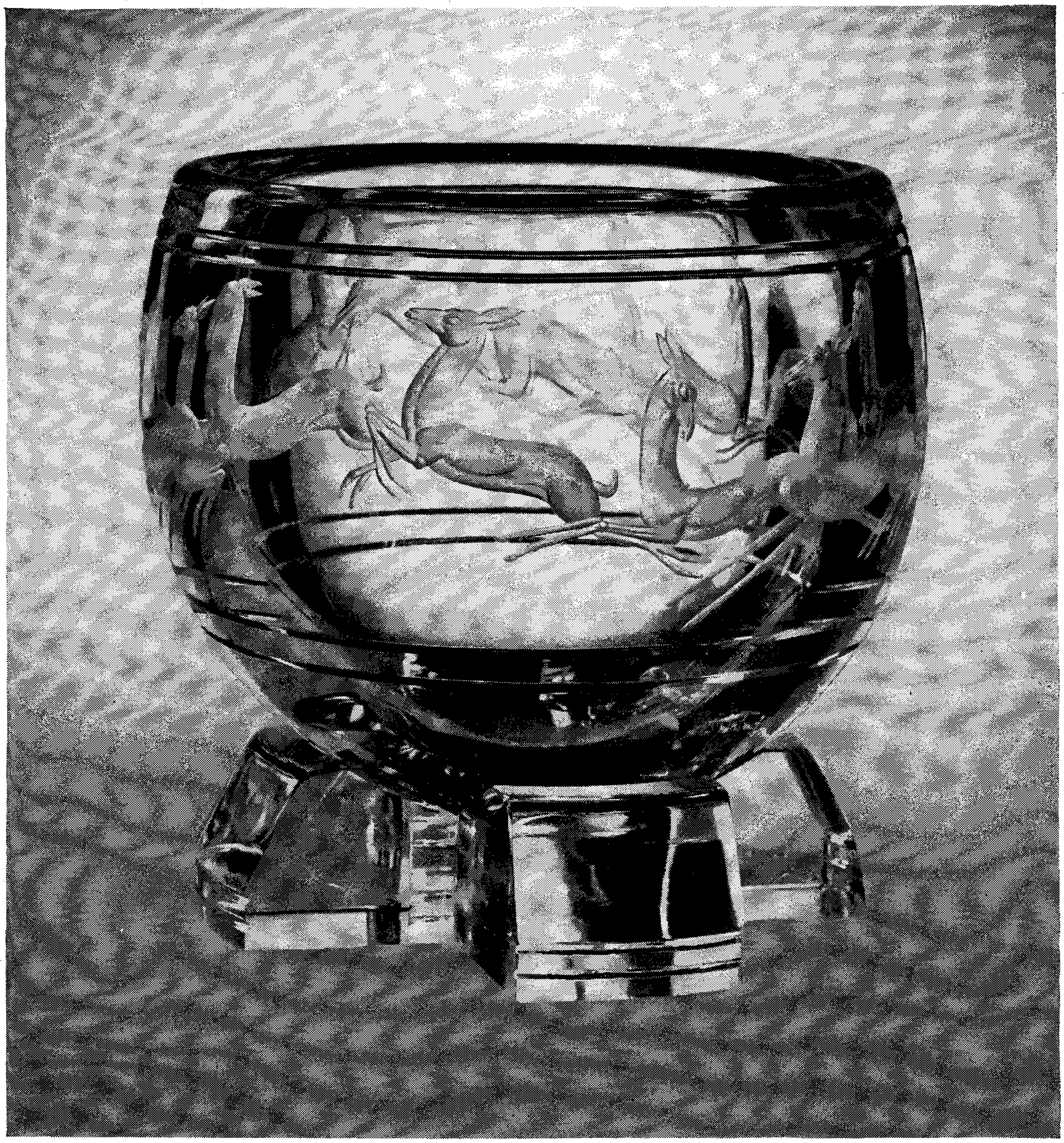

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son, and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Toplitzky of Notre Dame—A rather sad piece of nonsense concerning love and football, with a score that is just about as unsatisfactory as the book. With J. Edward Bromberg, Gus Van, and Betty Jane Watson. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Long Runs—Carousel: "Liliom," transplanted to New England by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **Oklahoma!:** Mr. R.'s and Mr. H.'s musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

It Takes Two—Martha Scott in a play by Dana Suesse and Virginia Faulkner. Produced by George Abbott and Richard Aldrich, and directed by Mr. Abbott. Opens Monday, Feb. 3. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—A play by Norman Krasna, produced by Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan, who is also the director. Nina Foch and William Prince have the leading roles. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 4. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

The Story of Mary Surratt—Dorothy Gish and Kent Smith in a play written and directed by John Patrick. Produced by Russell Lewis and Howard Young. Opens Friday, Feb. 7. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Bloomer Girl—A return of this musical comedy, with Nanette Fabray and Dick Smart heading the cast. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Ruth Draper—The monologuist, here for a short engagement. (Empire, B'way at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinée Sunday at 2:40.)

Ice Shows—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) ... ¶ Sonja Henie and her company in their annual appearance. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, at 8:30, on Jan. 30 and from Feb. 3 through Feb. 11.)

Children's Concerts—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Rudolph Ganz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Feb. 8, at 11.) ... ¶ The American Youth Orchestra, Dean Dixon conducting. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 8, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180), starting at 11.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so it's a good idea to phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—There are still honest, old-fashioned crystal chandeliers in the Trianon Room, and hardly any Lucite. William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

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Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room has polite and pleasant dance music by Ted Straeter's orchestra and a rumba band.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Well, there's Susan Reed, who was practically raised from a child here; Pete Johnson, another old campaigner; and Dorothy Jarnac, a dancer. Jules Munshin drops in to give a fillip to the midnight performance. Edmund Hall's orchestra.

Embassy, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—A show that may remind you of an improvised shipboard gala on the night before making port. Ralph Font's rumba band and José Melis's orchestra, however, provide agreeable dance music.

LaRue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A fairly close approach to upper-bracket grandeur, with placid romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—A leading example of the jet-propelled, or untrammelled, school of interior decoration. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—In the stately Cotillion Room, you'll come upon an unpretentious show, Charles Reader's orchestra, and a rumba band.... ¶ A small orchestra plays in the Café Pierre daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, singing, prattling, and turning the Persian Room upside down at both dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's orchestra plays all evening, with Mark Monte's lending a hand after the theatre.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—In the Oval Room, Larry Siry's string orchestra provides sweet, reminiscent music during the dinner hour; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a pretty little ice show, and Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras.... ¶ Two small dance orchestras play downstairs, in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, the lush music of Barry Winton's orchestra (to be replaced by Irving Conn's on Feb. 3), plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Jean Sablon, singing those emotional French songs with all the Gallic sentiment anyone could ask. For a brisk change of pace, the Bernard Brothers will take over on Wednesday, Feb. 5. Bob Grant's orchestra will replace Emile Petti's on the same date.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Morton Downey trills sweetly in the pale-blue expanse of the Wedgwood Room after the theatre. Emil Coleman, at dinner and supper, plays nostalgic, deb-party music; Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

Drake, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): The subdued and elegant Drake Room has stylish piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Paul Berlin, and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter.... **Coq Rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting.... **1-2-3 Club,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns, providing a background of contemplative piano music for the customers' chatter; no dancing.... **Casino Russe,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Bilingual merriment from the real, original Borsch Circuit; dance music of all varieties.... **Madison,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): An easygoing place, with dance music by the Dardanelle Trio until nine.... **Armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano, after nine-thirty, in this agreeable cranny; no dancing.... **St. Moritz,** 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Unexciting but comfortable, with dance music by a small orchestra.... **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Lots of heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification.... **Café Society Downtown,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Not much of a show, but dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra.... **Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan's still, small voice and (starting on Feb. 3) Richard Dyer-Bennet.

BIG AND BRASSY

Carnival, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Olsen and Johnson have moved in here, and you know what *that's* like. Dance music, too. ... **Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Irwin Corey, and the usual lavish and boisterous floor show, pointed up by the dance team of Raye and Naldi. Michael Durso's orchestra and Frank Marti's rumba band.... **Vanity Fair,** Broadway at 49th St. (CI 7-7380): The site is that of the recently deceased Zanzibar, but Gertrude Niesen is on hand to cheer up any improbable mourners. Boyd Raeburn's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): John Buckmaster, Mildred Bailey, and so many others that you are bound to run into something to suit your taste.... **Ruban Bleu,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): For a starter, you'll find the Four Notes, and Josef Marais and Miranda.... **Spivy's Roof,** 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Spivy turns up late in the evening with a few thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life. The Three Flames provide ambient music.... **One Fifth Avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright's sardonic mimicry of such standard victims as Hildegarde and Katharine Hepburn.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

Eddie Condon's, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Some of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, and Joe Sullivan. On Tuesday night, the uproar is increased by the work of distinguished visitors.... **Dixon's,** 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): The Joe Mooney Quartet, showing how the rustic rhythms of night life on the other side of the Hudson can be raised to an art.... **Nick's,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Miff Mole, and their colleagues, all blowing good and loud.... **Jimmy Ryan's,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Tony Parenti and some assistants, making a very satisfying

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racket in this familiar standby. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon at five.... **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Billie Holiday, singing about the troubles a girl can have.... **FAMOUS DOOR**, 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Red Allen's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

MARK BAUM—First one-man showing of paintings by a modern primitive of considerable skill. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through Feb. 8.)

PETER BLUME—Drawings, of which twenty are studies for his next big picture. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—First editions of Piranesi's etchings "The Prisons." (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 23.)

GENE CHARLTON—Still-lifes and figure paintings. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE—Fifty paintings, in a well-planned show, which covers his career from 1908 to his death. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Feb. 1.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—First large showing of paintings by this French artist, who has achieved quite some renown since the war. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

THEODORE LUX FEININGER—Steamboats and locomotives, done in a romantically nostalgic manner. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 15.)

PERLE FINE—Abstract oils and gouaches, very delicate in color and feeling. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

JOSEPH FLOCH—Figure studies and landscapes, all with a pensive, Italianate air. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Feb. 8.)

ALBERT EUGENE GALLATIN—Tasteful, gentle abstractions. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

GROUPS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: A show by this gallery's roster of artists, including Gregorio Prestopino and I. Rice Pereira; through Feb. 8.... **HUGO**, 26 E. 55th St.: Paintings by Picasso, Matisse, di Chirico, and others; through Feb. 15.... **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57th St.: Landscapes and still-lifes by Vlaminck, Dufy, Derain, and other French artists; through Feb. 28.... **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Boris Margo, Mark Rothko, and six other abstractionists; through Feb. 8.... **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Abstract prints by Julio de Diego, Kurt Seligmann, and others; through Feb. 8.

ITALIAN—A really splendid show of paintings done in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and early-sixteenth centuries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 15.)

MORRIS KANTOR—Landscapes and some figure studies, continuing the artist's cautious progress into abstraction. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Feb. 1.)

LA TAUSCA SHOW—The annual invitation show of paintings, including canvases by Abraham Rattner, Philip Evergood, and Everett Spruce. (Riverside Museum, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 11.)

GASTON LACHAISE—Forty-two sculptures, dating from 1897 to shortly before his death, in 1935. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 15.)

MARIE LAURENCIN—Paintings, 1928 to the present, all done in the same graceful, wistful style that made her so popular in the twenties. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 8.)

RICHARD LIPPOLD—Wire sculptures. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

JACQUES MAROGER—Impressively skillful oils, painted in a process used by early Dutch artists. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

LUIS MARTINEZ-PEDRO—Semi-abstract paintings by a Cuban with an eye for design. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Feb. 22.)

HUBERT MESIBOV—Oils by a young Expressionist. (Chinese, 38 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings by Hogarth, Constable, and Turner, lent by British museums and private collectors. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Henry Moore; through March 16.... ¶ Stage sets and costume designs by Eugene Berman; through March 9. ... ¶ Forty-six recent lithographs by Picasso; through April 6. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—The Museum's biennial group show, with paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky, Perle Fine, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Three religious scenes (a new venture on his part), in addition to a group of his powerfully conceived landscapes. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

PICASSO—A number of his most recent paintings, just arrived from Paris. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 15.)

JACKSON POLLOCK—New paintings by one of the wildest, and also most forceful, of the symbolic-abstractionist school. (Art of This Century, 30 W. 57th St.; through Feb. 8.)

PORTRAIT SCULPTURE—At the **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8th St.: Portrait sculptures by Richmond Barthé, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 15.... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Portrait heads, by Arline Wingate, of some artists, writers, and musicians; through Feb. 8.

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Recent water colors. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 7.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A large show of paintings done in France since 1939. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 2.)

CHRISTOPHER WOOD—Memorial show of paintings by a young British artist who died, full of promise, in 1930. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Feb. 1.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Tristan und Isolde," with Lauritz Melchior, Helen Traubel, and Blanche Thebom; Thursday evening, Jan. 30, at 8.... ¶ "The Warrior," with Mack Harrell and Regina Resnik; and "Hänsel and Gretel," with Risë Stevens and Nadine Conner; Friday evening, Jan. 31, at 8.... ¶ "Romeo and Juliet," with Bidu Sayao, Jussi Bjoerling, and John Brownlee; Saturday matinée, Feb. 1, at 2.... ¶ "Die Meistersinger," with Set Svanholm and Astrid Varnay; Saturday evening, Feb. 1, at 7:45 (a benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006).... ¶ "Die Walküre," with Astrid Varnay, Helen Traubel, and Lauritz Melchior; Monday evening, Feb. 3, at 8.... ¶ "Boris Godunoff," with Blanche Thebom, Ezio Pinza, and Richard Tucker; Wednesday evening, Feb. 5, at 8.... ¶ "Aïda," with Martha Lipton, Zinka Milanov, and Robert Merrill; Thursday evening, Feb. 6, at 8.... ¶ "Rigoletto," with Patrice Munsel and Ferruccio Tagliavini; Friday evening, Feb. 7, at 8:30.... ¶ "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese and Charles Kullman; Saturday matinée, Feb. 8, at 2.... ¶ "Der Rosenkava-

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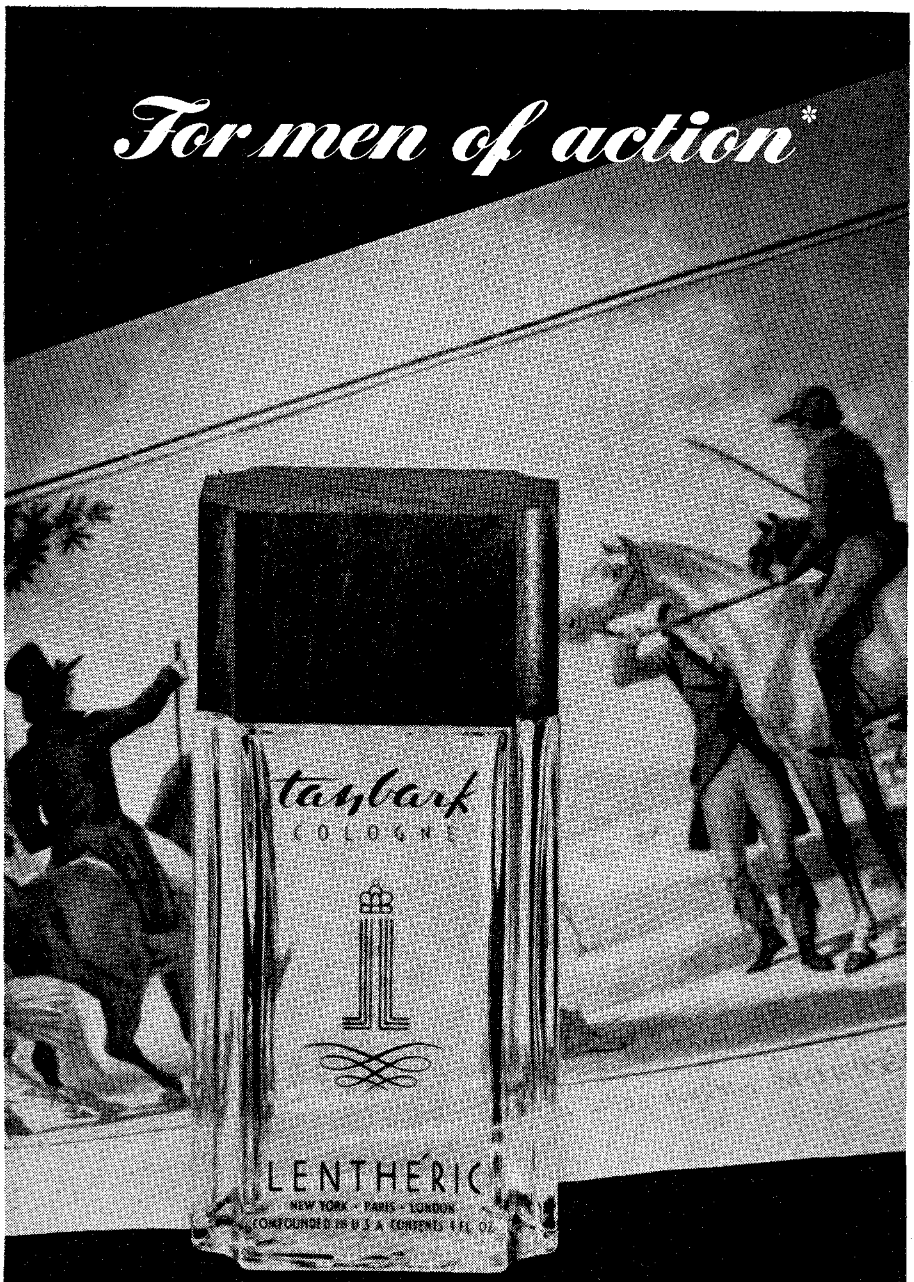
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lier," with Irene Jessner, Risë Stevens, and Dezso Ernster; Saturday evening, Feb. 8, at 8.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Charles Münch conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 30, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 31, at 2:30, both with Joseph Szigeti, violin soloist; Saturday evening, Feb. 1, at 8:45; and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2, at 3, with Mr. Szigeti as soloist. . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Feb. 6, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Feb. 7, at 2:30, both with Artur Rubinstein, piano soloist.

Memorial Concert—Robert Merrill, Katharine Cornell, and others, including the Juilliard chorus, directed by Robert Shaw, in a program for the benefit of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. (Waldorf-Astoria. Thursday evening, Jan. 30, at 8:30. For information concerning admission, call CO 5-7460.)

Jazz Concert—Eddie Condon's monthly ruckus, this time with Joe Sullivan, Bobby Hackett, Georg Brunis, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 1, at 5:30.)

Arthur Christmann—Conducting a thirty-six-piece orchestra. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Reginald Stewart conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Alan Hovhannes—Conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Louis Armstrong—With his orchestra, plus Earl Hines, piano, and Edmund Hall, clarinet, and *his* orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 8, at 5:30.)

Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia—Harold W. Gilbert directing this mixed chorus and a boys' choir. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 8, at 3.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing, in a program sponsored by France Forever. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Feb. 8, at 8:45.)

RECITALS

Marisa Regules—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Lotte Lehmann—Soprano, in the last of three lieder recitals. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—The Albeneri Trio, and Martha Lipton, contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2, at 5:30.)

Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin—Two pianos. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday evening, Feb. 2, at 8:40.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Fredell Lack and Irene Jacobi—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Monday evening, Feb. 3, at 8:40.)

Grace Castagnetta—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday evening, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Richard Bonelli—Baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Guilet Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Wednesday evening, Feb. 5, at 8:40.)

Joseph Fuchs and Richard Tucker—Violinist and tenor, in a program for the benefit of the Denver Sanitarium. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Joseph Szigeti—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday evening, Feb. 8, at 8:30. For tickets call ST 9-1391.) . . . ¶ Mr. Szigeti will also give a recital, assisted by Mason Jones, French horn, at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700), on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 9, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 4, in order of written application. Applications

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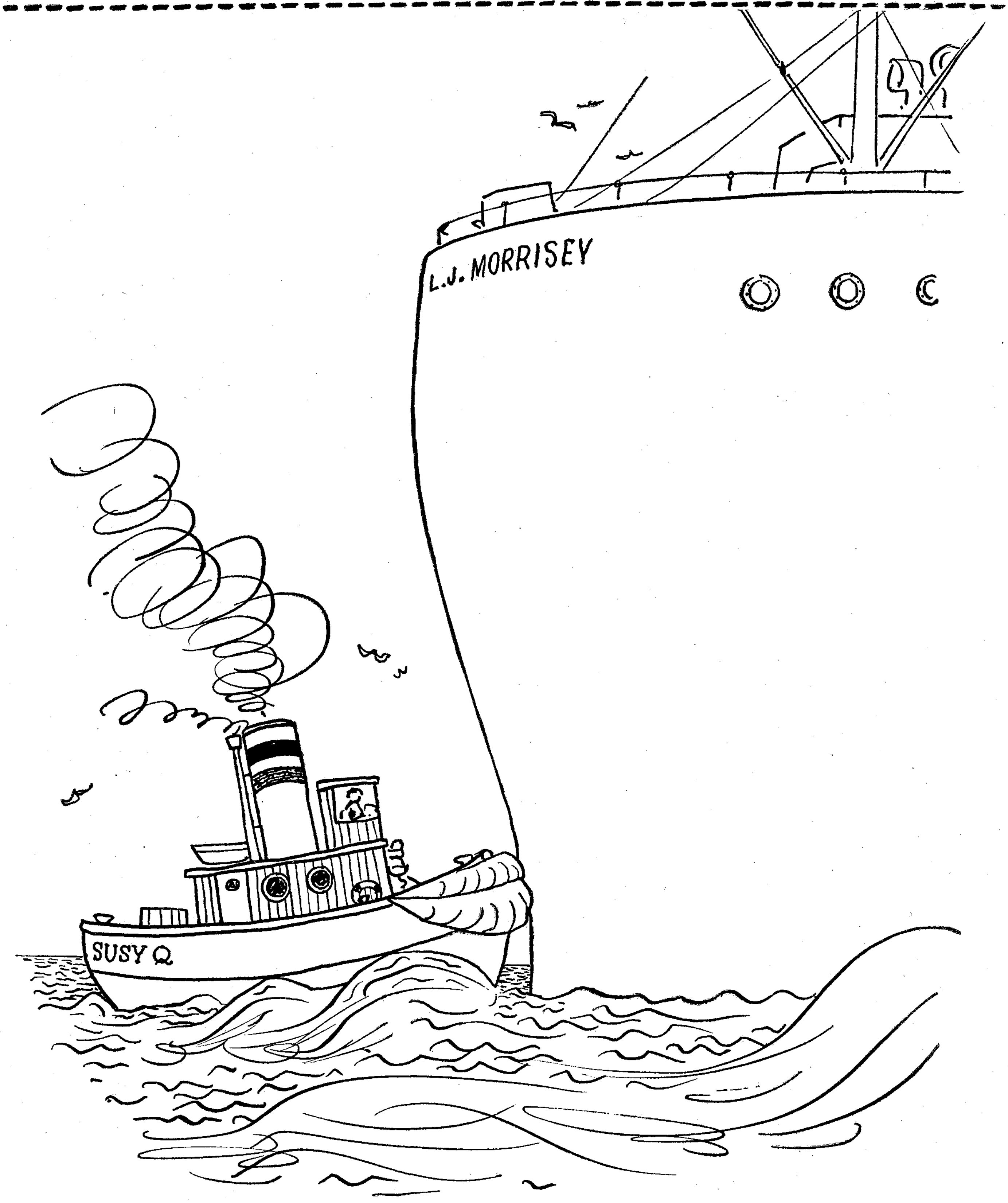

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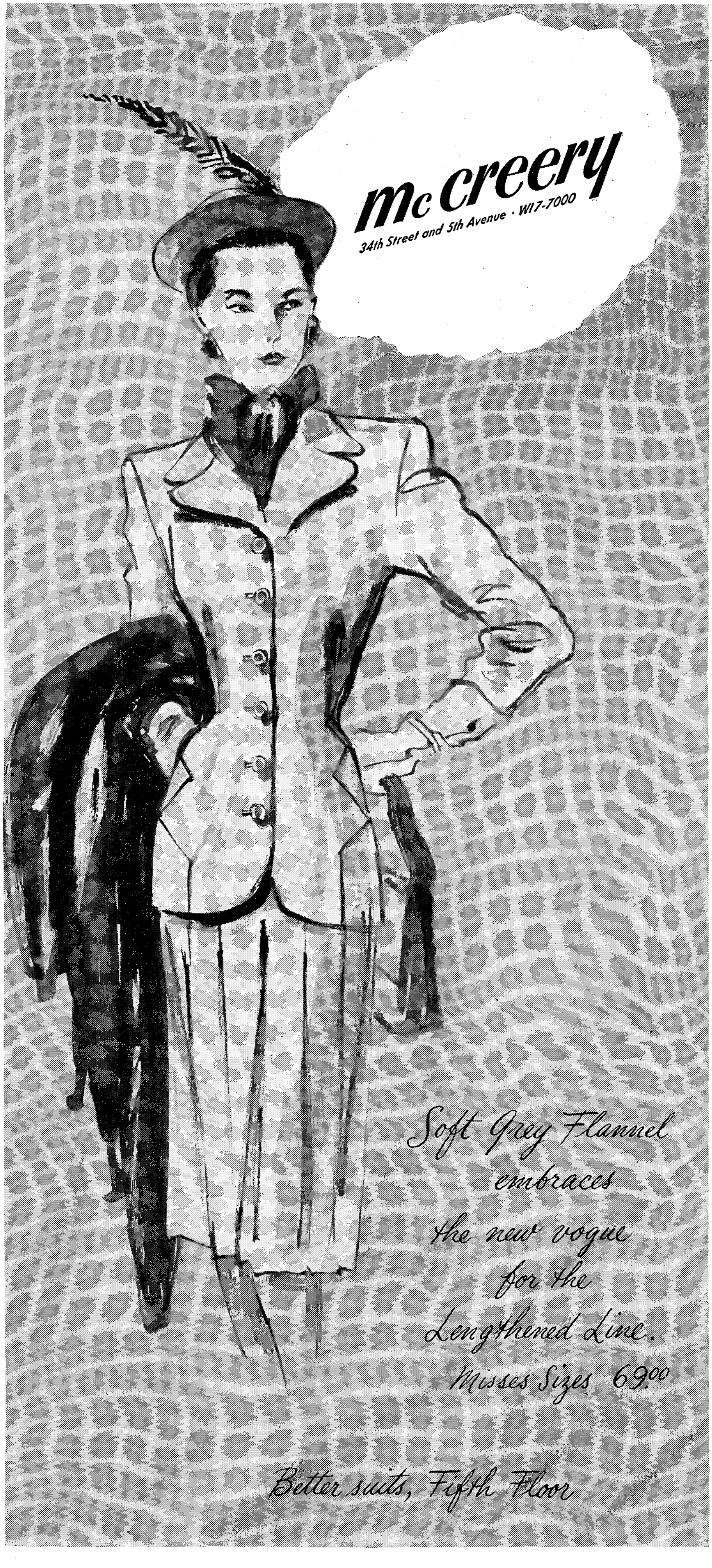
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—Harold Green vs. Pete Mead, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 31. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Fencing—Individual competition—All-Eastern Intermediate Women's Foil Championship, Saturday, Feb. 1.... ¶ All-Eastern Intermediate Épée Championship, Sunday, Feb. 2. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Matches begin at 2:30 P.M.)

Indoor Polo—Squadron A vs. Ramapo, and another Squadron A team vs. the New York Athletic Club. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30 P.M.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Montreal. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 8 P.M.)

Snow Trains—A special train leaves Grand Central for Manchester, Vt., every Friday evening at 7:15. Another train, this one to North Creek, N.Y., leaves the terminal later that night, at the blithe hour of 12:15 A.M. Return trips arrive in New York at 11:30 and 10:25, respectively, Sunday night.

Indoor Track—The Millrose A.A. meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations Meetings—Fifty-odd unofficial spectators are admitted to the open meetings of the Security Council, and about the same number to the open meetings of the Economic and Social Council committees. If you are thinking of visiting one of these, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around three in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next session is to be held. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

Aviation Show—All the latest inducements to get you off the ground, including a glider with a motor (aeronautical designers seem to be going in circles), a sort of small aerial runabout just right for Sunday driving, and a vast assortment of hangars, instruments, and engine parts. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1-2, from 1 to 10:30 P.M.; Monday through Saturday, Feb. 3-8, from 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

Toy Theatres—A collection of miniature stages, set with everything, from "Mazeppa" to "Jack and the Beanstalk," assembled by Alfred Lunt for the delectation of the stage-struck of all ages. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Planetarium—The current demonstration, called "Winter Constellations," will be succeeded on Saturday, Feb. 1, by "Outposts of the Heavens." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St.) is showing old movies from its collection on the following schedule: Early sound films, including "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres, and an excerpt from "The Jazz Singer" (1929), with Al Jolson; Thursday, Jan. 30. ... ¶ "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2.... ¶ "Anna Christie" (1930), with Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler; Monday through Thursday, Feb. 3-6.... ¶ "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; starting Friday, Feb. 7. Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

Auctions—Early American furniture and glass

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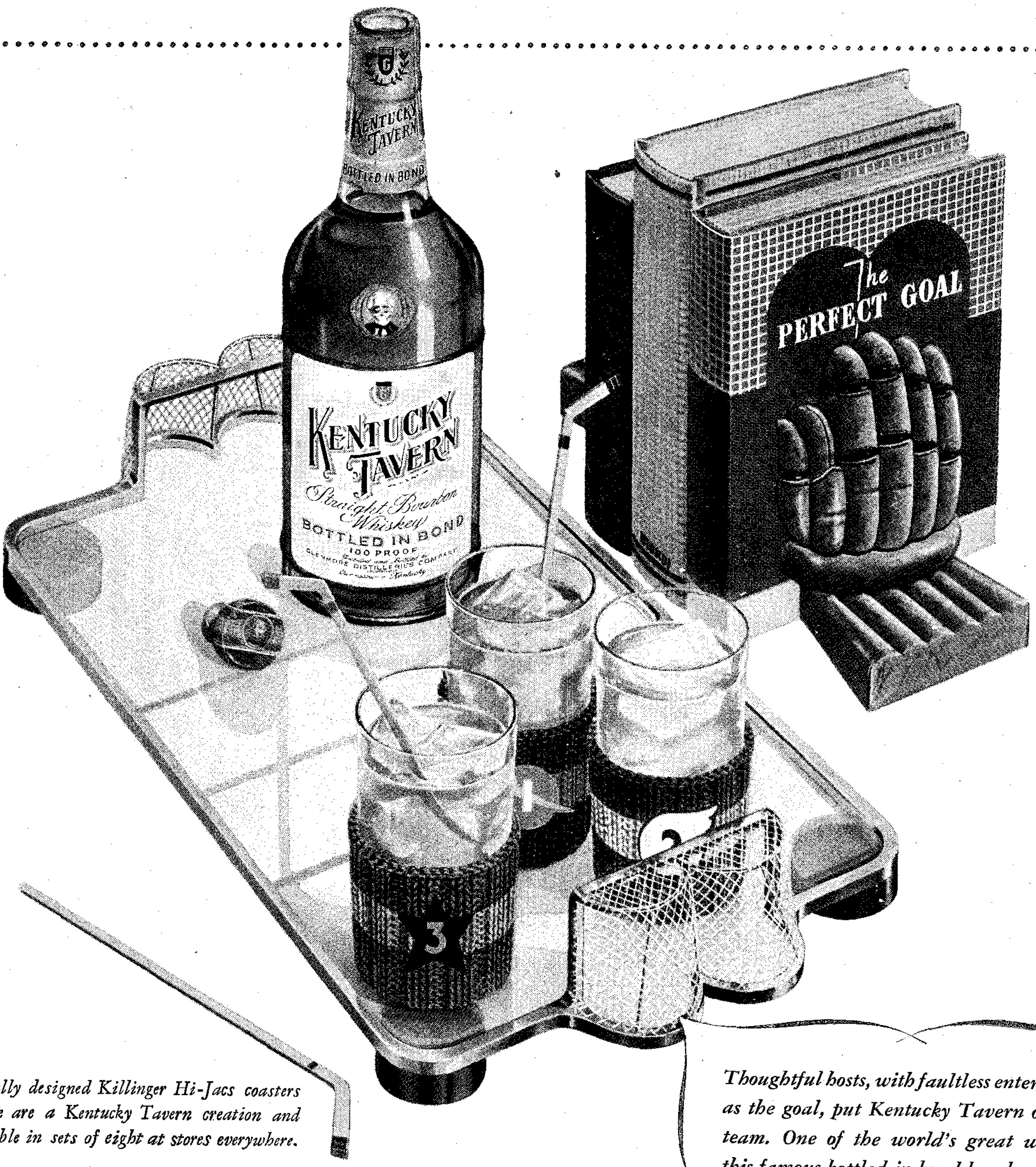
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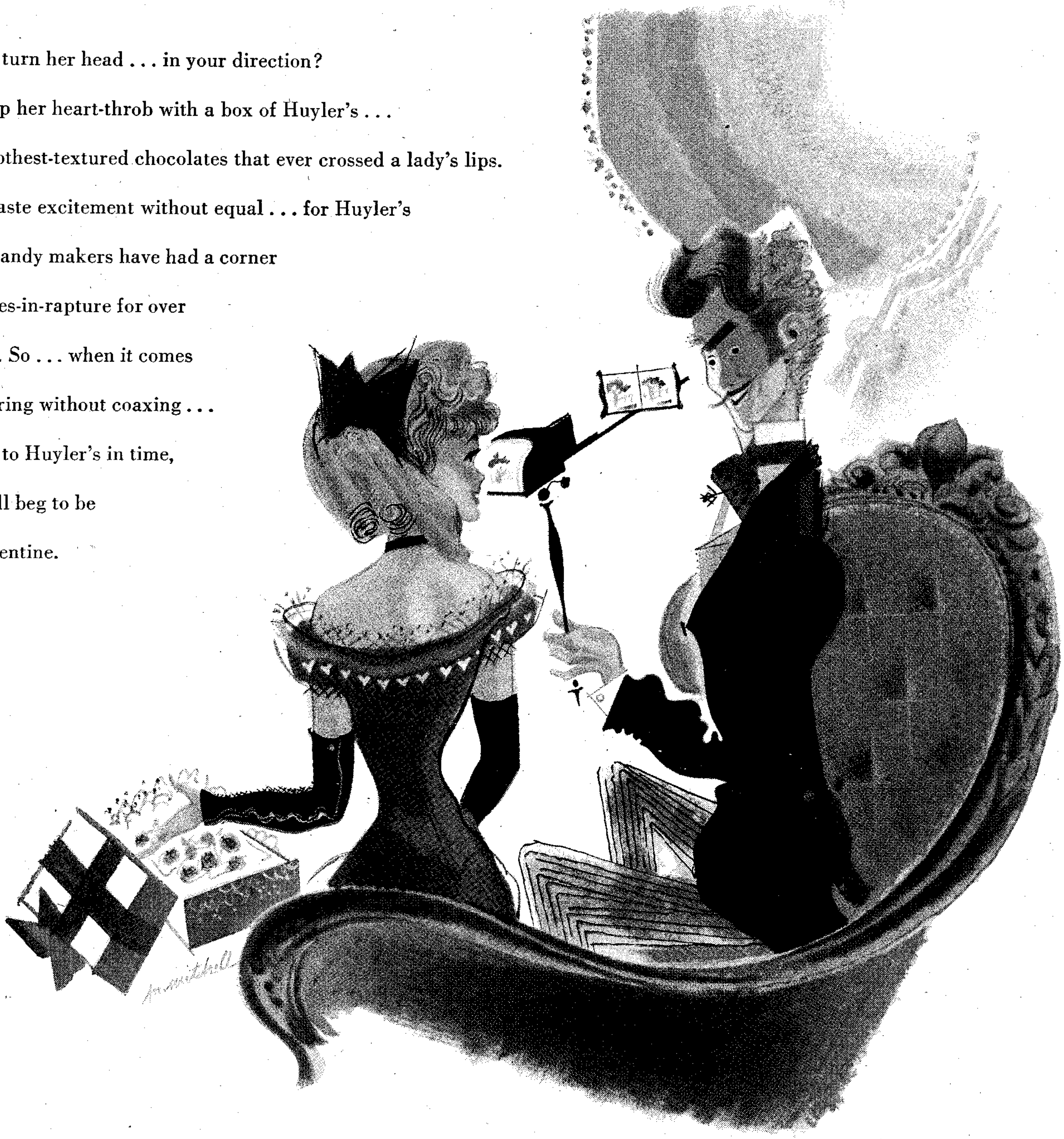

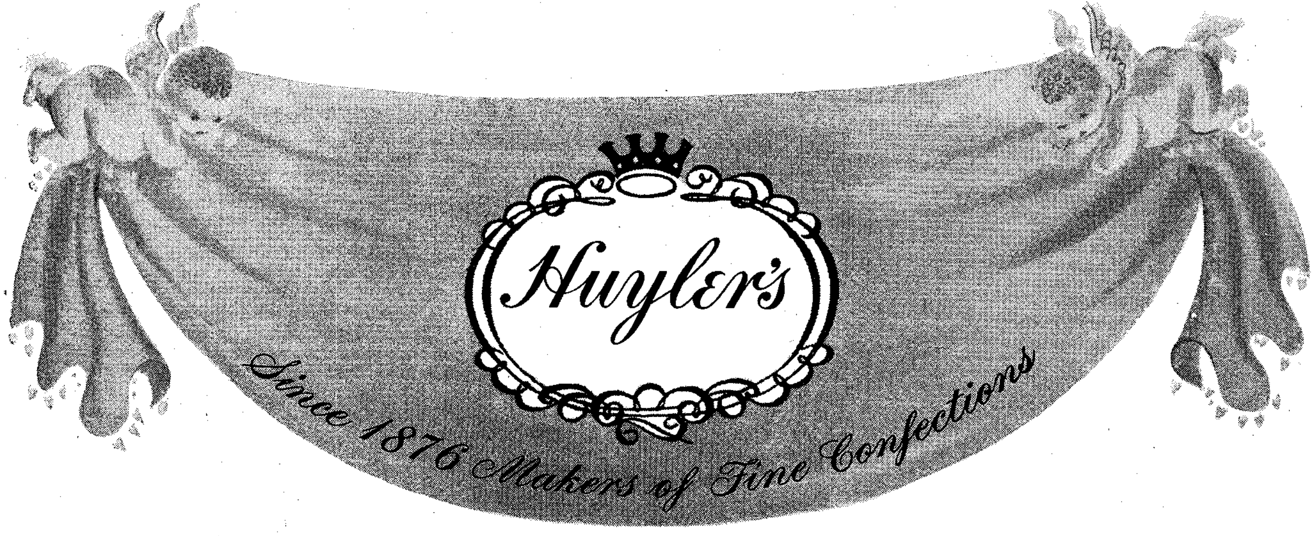
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collected by the late Pauline Danielson. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ First editions of Browning, Dickens, Poe, and other English and American authors, from the library of the late Fred W. Allsopp. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 2 and 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—Metropolitan Opera: "Romeo and Juliet," with Bidu Sayao and Jussi Bjoerling, Saturday, Feb. 1; "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese and Charles Kullman, Saturday, Feb. 8; both at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Charles Münch conducting, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Eugene Szenkar conducting, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, Feb. 1 and 8, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Ezio Pinza, bass, Monday, Feb. 3, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

College Basketball—Games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 18, 20, 24, and 27.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden on Feb. 14, 21, and 28; Golden Gloves City Finals, Feb. 17.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 12 and 13.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 16, 19, 23, and 26.

Indoor Polo—Metropolitan Senior Indoor Polo League Tournament matches, Saturday evenings, starting Feb. 7, at Squadron A Armory.

Track—N.Y.A.C. meet, Feb. 15; National A.A.U. meet, Feb. 22; both at Madison Square Garden.

Winter Sports—Dartmouth Winter Carnival, Hanover, N.H., Feb. 12-15. . . . ¶ Olympic bobsled tryouts, Feb. 12, 13, 15, and 16, Lake Placid, N.Y. . . . ¶ Olympic ski tryouts, cross-country and jump, Feb. 15 and 16, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Music—At CARNEGIE HALL: Carroll Glenn, violin, Feb. 14; Jacques Thibaud, violin, Feb. 17; Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 23; Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, Feb. 26. Bruno Walter will conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony until Feb. 16, when Artur Rodzinski, back from Europe, will take over. The Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Feb. 12 and 15. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Feb. 25. . . . TOWN HALL: Lotte Lehmann, soprano, Feb. 9; the Bach Circle of New York, Feb. 17. . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA: Season continues.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Elisabeth Bergner in a double bill composed of "Miss Julie," by August Strindberg, and Chekhov's "The Proposal." . . . ¶ Tallulah Bankhead, with Helmut Dantine and Clarence Derwent, in "The Eagle Has Two Heads," by Jean Cocteau. . . . ¶ John Beal and Bert Lytell in "Carrot and Club," a comedy by John Wexley. . . . ¶ A revival of George Kelly's play "Craig's Wife," with Judith Evelyn. . . . ¶ John Gielgud and his British repertory company, sponsored by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild. . . . ¶ Donald Wolfit with a British Shakespearean repertory company.

Ballet—The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, at the New York City Center, starting Feb. 16.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday, Wednesday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Valentine's Day, Friday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday, Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Income-tax returns are due on Saturday, March 15.

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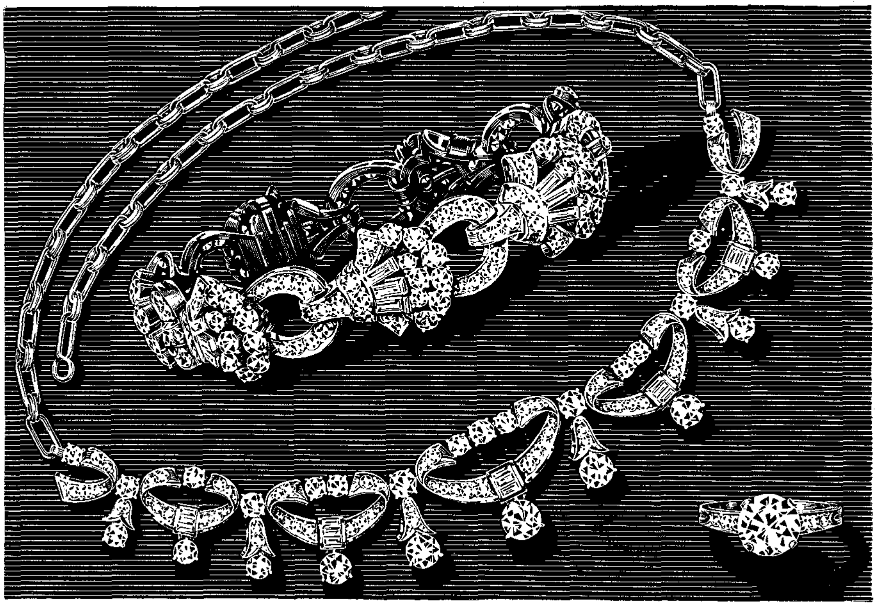

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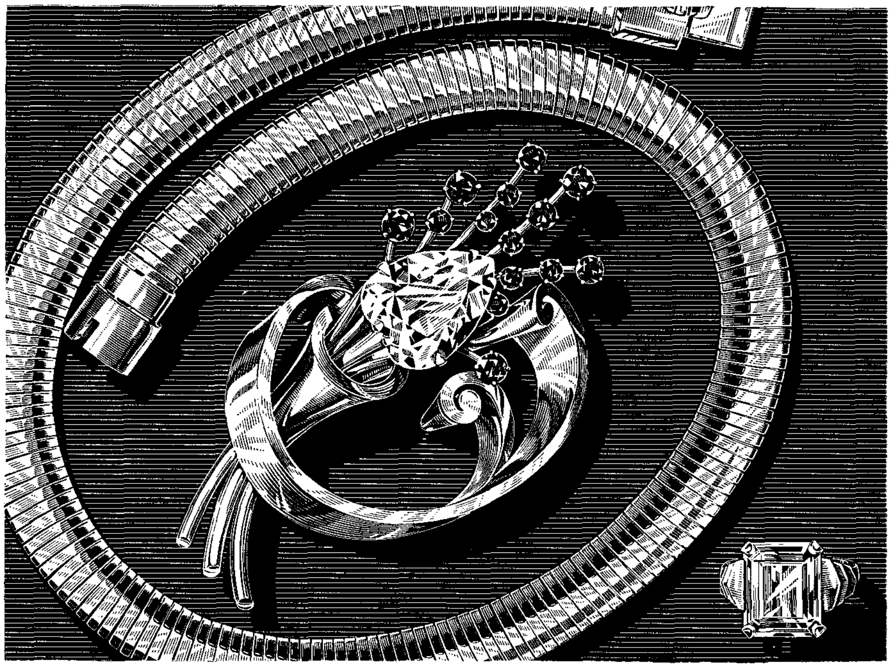

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE THEATRE SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—Some good dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some good acting by Fredric March are not enough to warrant your taking this one as seriously as it takes itself. If you go to see it, take along a couple of sandwiches; you'll find yourself hungry before it finally gropes its way to a conclusion. (Astor, B'way at 45th.)

Brief Encounter—A tender and touching British picture for grown-up moviegoers. It tells the story of a married woman and a doctor she meets by chance. Beautifully played by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—George Bernard Shaw's conception of the conqueror. Shaw's wit, Claude Rains' skill, and Vivien Leigh's beauty combine, in Technicolor, to make a film that is diverting, if somewhat that long. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; Feb. 1-5. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Feb. 2-4.)

Henry V—Any superlatives you have handy may well be applied to Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Golden, 252 W. 45th; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Lady in the Lake—Robert Montgomery, the director and hero of this film, lets the camera serve as the eye of the protagonist and appears himself only when he turns up, superfluously, as narrator. A small step in the direction of originality, rather wasted on a confused Raymond Chandler story about that private detective, Philip Marlowe, whom Hollywood uses on so many cases. (Capitol, B'way at 51st.)

Man's Hope—Made by André Malraux in Barcelona in 1938, when the city was under Fascist bombardment, this picture effectively uses a few episodes from Mr. Malraux's powerful novel of the Spanish Civil War. Highly satisfactory, except for an overlong, funereal ending. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th.)

Open City—A description of the workings of the Italian underground, produced in Rome after the city's liberation. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—The bum and his girl friend who figure as the murderous hero and heroine in the film haven't much appeal, but there are some courtroom scenes that ought to keep you attentive. John Garfield and Lana Turner have the leading roles, but Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames walk off with the acting honors. (Stoddard, B'way at 90th; Feb. 2-4.)

Two Years Before the Mast—All the good old salty stuff is retained in this adaptation of the Richard Dana book about the American merchant marine in the eighteen-thirties. Howard da Silva is impressive as the master of the Pilgrim. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; Feb. 4-5. . . . ¶ Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th; starting Feb. 4.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—A French film that proves that seduction and its consequences are not always as grim as they are made out to be. The late Raimu and his associates make it one you probably will want to see. (Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th.)

The Yearling—A first-rate adaptation by Paul Osborn of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Pulitzer Prize novel, which would be altogether charming if it were not for some overpowering choral music and a couple of boy-meets-fawn sequences that are a trifle too sweet for the average spectator. As the hero, Jody, Claude Jarman, Jr., is superb. (Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50th.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 30.)

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 30.)

Dodsworth (1936)—Another Sinclair Lewis piece, this one concerning a retired businessman. Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 30.)

48 Hours (1944)—A British film about an imaginary invasion of England by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; starting Feb. 4.)

Holy Matrimony (1943)—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (Art, 36 E. 8th; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter (1939)—A parody of crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Jan. 30.)

Journey into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles in the Eric Ambler melodrama about spies in Turkey. Also with Joseph Cotten and Dolores Del Rio. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; starting Feb. 4.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Feb. 4-5.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews deeply involved in murder. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 31-Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Studio, B'way at 65th; starting Feb. 5.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Studio, B'way at 65th; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories dealing with Greenwich Village life. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Feb. 2-3.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's excitement about spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

Of Mice and Men (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., as Steinbeck's ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; through Jan. 31.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a dressy version of the old number. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; Feb. 4-5.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Alden, B'way at 67th; through Feb. 1.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. James Mason and Ann Todd. (Alden, B'way at 67th; Feb. 4-5.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; Feb. 2-3.)

This Gun for Hire (1942)—Adventures in the underworld, with Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd. (Alden, B'way at 67th; Feb. 2-3.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble; namely, George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; through Jan. 31.)

Note—"Tillie's Punctured Romance," with Charlie Chaplin and Marie Dressler, will be resuscitated at the Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, on Jan. 30.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
LADY IN THE LAKE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Dead Reckoning," Humphrey Bogart, Lizabeth Scott.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"It's a Wonderful Life," James Stewart, Donna Reed.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Her Sister's Secret," Margaret Lindsay, Philip Reed.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Humoresque," Joan Crawford, John Garfield.

Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE YEARLING.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Sinbad the Sailor," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Feb. 4: "The Perfect Marriage," Loretta Young, David Niven.
From Feb. 5: "Easy Come, Easy Go," Betty Hutton.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"California," Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"13 Rue Madeleine," James Cagney, Annabella.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Feb. 5: "The Secret Heart," Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Man I Love," Ida Lupino, Robert Alda.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Wake Up and Dream," John Payne, June Haver.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Swell Guy," Ann Blyth, Sonny Tufts.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
MAN'S HOPE.

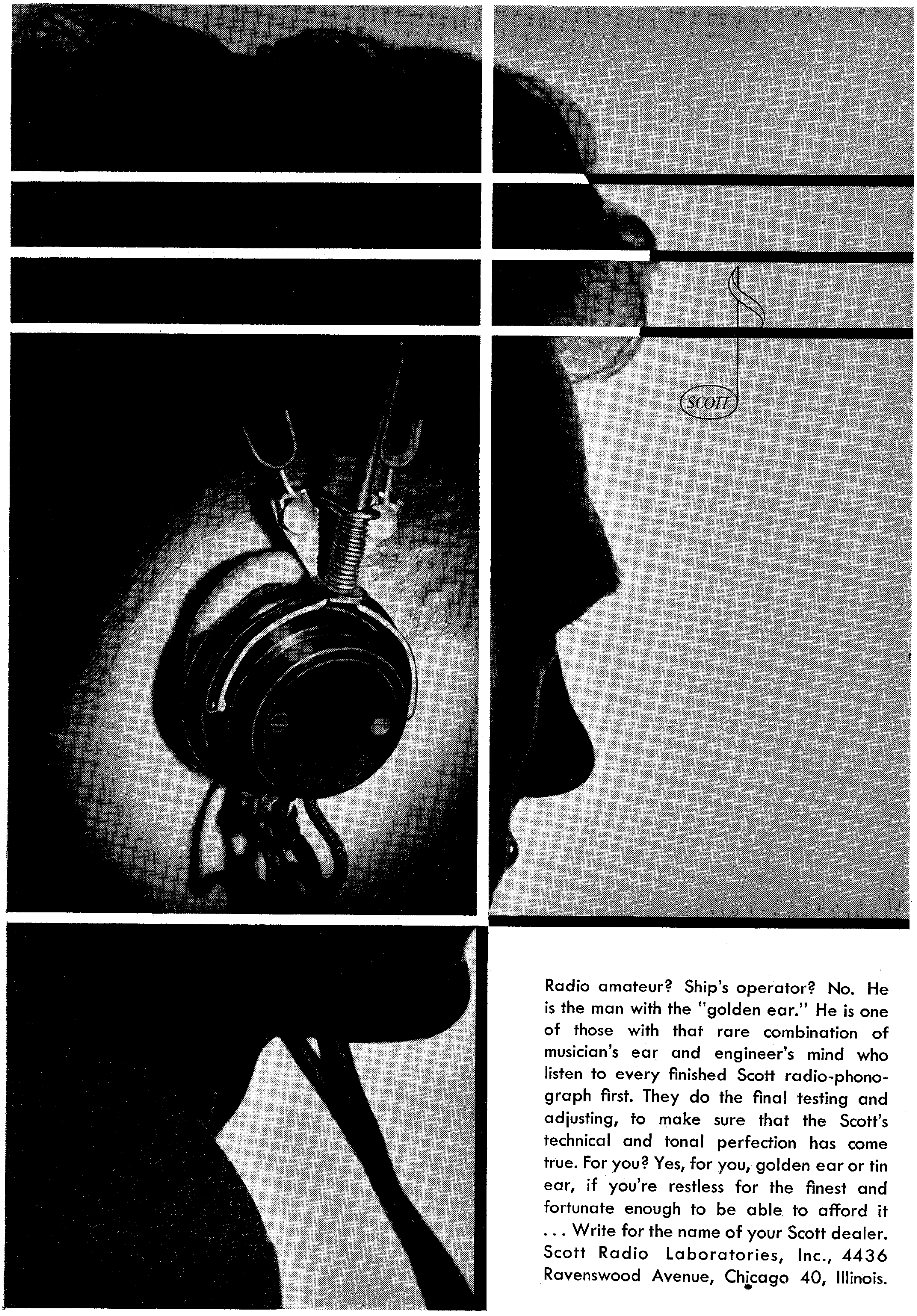
55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
MAN'S HOPE.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey. (Showings, Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7:15, and 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays at 2:30, 5, 7:30, and 10 P.M.; and Sundays at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30 P.M.)

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Stone Flower" (in Russian).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.



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THIRD FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

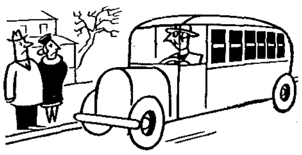
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

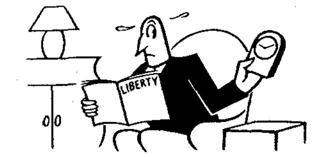
STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE NOTE: The second discovery of sawed-through bars in the Brooklyn city jail came when one of the investigators, tired from investigating the recent jailbreak, leaned against the grilling at the front of a cell and it gave way.

NOTE ON THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE EFFEMINATE CIGARETTE OVER APPLE SUN-CURED, BATTLE AXE, BROWN'S MULE, HORSESHOE, AND SCHNAPPS PLUG TOBACCO: The Board of Health has rescinded Section 213 of the Sanitary Code, which stipulated that cuspidors had to be provided in all rooms where ten or more persons were employed.

CHURCHES throughout the English-speaking world seem generally to have decided to come to terms with the modern age. Attendance having fallen off, Philadelphia churches have taken to chartering buses to pick up their parishioners on Sunday mornings, and a pastor in Oregon goes around in a bus before the service and personally collects his flock. The Church of England has appealed for new hymns, for the atomic age, and the vicar of the church at Welling, in Kent, bothered by poor attendance, is sending out reminders with prepaid postcards for reply on an R.S.V.P. basis. The Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in Melbourne, Australia, finding that his choirboys were bored by the sermons, has provided them with a library of adventure stories with religious themes. The minister of a church in Leeds, England, has laid in a supply of Wild West and detective magazines, containing stories of a secular nature, for his choirboys. We don't know what the Puritan fathers, marching off to church with flintlocks on their shoulders, would think of a generation of churchgoers who have to have their memory jogged about Sunday morning by direct-mail promotion, who are picked up at their homes by the pastor in a bus, who are entertained by timely hymns and, if they can sneak up to the choir loft, by *Big-Book Western* or *Spicy Detective.* They'd probably think as much of that, though, as they would of canned cranberry sauce and Thanksgiving turkeys bred for white meat.



FOR years, *Liberty* has whipped up its readers by prescribing, down to seconds, the time it expects them to devote to the various elements of its contents. Now along comes the *Saturday Evening Post* and announces in an advertisement that "You'll enjoy every hour of this week's *Post*"—clearly an admonition to *its* readers to dawdle over its pages as they might over a glass of thirty-year-old port. Our sympathies go out to the man who reads both magazines and tries conscientiously to heed both injunctions—pushing himself, no matter how weary he may be, to meet the demands of *Liberty* and forcing himself to relax and snooze, no matter how spry he may feel, between paragraphs of the *Post.* Our own policy has always been to give our readers free temporal rein, but that's probably a mistake.



IN anticipation of the centenary of Thomas Edison's birth, which falls on February 11th, we've been out to West Orange and poked about in his laboratories there, which he used from 1887 until his death, in 1931—a period subsequent to, and a good deal longer than, the Menlo Park period. The laboratories consist of four small one-story red brick buildings and one large red brick building, which contained, and still contains, his library. All the buildings are maintained by Thomas Edison, Inc., whose factories, nearby, turn out Ediphone dictating machines, storage batteries, and equipment for automobiles and airplanes. We made the tour with Mr. Norman R. Speiden, a mild-mannered, white-haired gentleman who acts as the curator and, though he never knew Edison, is an imposing repository of Edisonian memorabilia.

Edison's library is very much as he left it. Its ten thousand volumes deal chiefly with physics, chemistry, electricity, mining, and botany. (No mathematics to speak of; Edison was notoriously weak in this subject.) The books were never catalogued in Edison's lifetime. It wasn't necessary, for he knew exactly where to put his hand on any volume he wanted. In the library is his roll-top desk, which his son Charles sealed immediately after his death and which is to be reopened on the centenary. The library also contains a replica of Edison's first phonograph and scores of photographs—of Edison, Ford, and Firestone, of Edison and Steinmetz, of Lord Kelvin, of Samuel Insull, who was once Edison's secretary, and of the first electric train to carry passengers, which ran on a three-mile track that Edison built at Menlo Park in 1880. The library is unexpectedly enlivened by a large white marble statue commemorating Edison's visit to the Paris Exposition of 1889. It is called "The Genius of Light" and represents a cherub sitting on an uncomfortable assortment of early electrical instruments and holding an electric-light bulb in his upraised hand. The bulb is a real one, and can be turned on and off. Another statue, by Lorado Taft, shows Orpheus cheerfully discarding his lyre in favor of a phonograph record. This object was presented to Edison by a group of dealers in phonograph records. In the library, too, is a framed motto composed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which Edison tacked up in every building on the grounds; it reads, "There is no expedient to which a man will not resort to avoid the real labor of thinking." The cot on which Edison slept when he couldn't be bothered to go home to Llewellyn Park, two-thirds of a mile away, is in a nook in the library. If a problem was particularly baffling, he would undertake what he called a "campaign" against it, during which he would work almost incessantly, day and night.

In the library building are two small machine shops and a stockroom, among whose items are a large turtle shell, a piece of rhinoceros tusk, and an elephant hide. At one time the Edison corporation used to offer a prize to anyone who could name something that wasn't in the stockroom. The prize was once won by an insufferably clever little boy who suggested a clothespin. In the smaller brick buildings are a chemical laboratory, a wood-turning shop, an experimental laboratory, and two rooms used for research. "We don't keep the buildings too clean," Speiden said. "They weren't too clean when Edison used them, and we don't want to make them look unnatural."

In a vault on the grounds are twenty-five hundred notebooks and tons of uncatalogued correspondence. Edison's procedure was to make notes on whatever he wanted done, pass them along to an assistant, and then have them copied in a notebook for later reference. We saw some of them, written in pencil on slips of white paper. Although he wrote them when he was over eighty, the writing was firm and legible. "½ of ether mixed with acetic acid," one slip said, and we guess the assistant must have known what the old man was talking about. Five hundred and thirty of the notebooks have to do with Edison's research into the problem of domestic rubber production. During the last four years of his life, he supervised the testing of seventeen thousand plants for rubber content. About forty had commercial possibilities, and from these forty Edison singled out goldenrod, since it can be raised practically anywhere in the country, grows quickly, and can be mowed, which eliminates the necessity of hand picking. By selective breeding, he raised the rubber in goldenrod a hundred and forty per cent. Because the Department of Agriculture had trouble getting the necessary funds, his findings weren't tested on a large scale until the recent war was nearly over.

In the early days, Speiden told us, the grounds contained an apple orchard, a small pond, and a building known as the Black Maria, which was the first film studio built in this country. It was so named because its walls were covered with black tar paper, and it was designed in such a way that it could be revolved to catch the sun when its roof was opened, the making of movies being at the mercy of the weather until lights strong enough to substitute for the sun were developed. The Black Maria was built in 1892, at a cost of $637.67, but when M-G-M made a movie of the life of Edison in 1940 and constructed a replica of it, the bill came to two thousand dollars. Whether this was because of increased costs or because of an effort to make the reproduction look three times as real as the original, we don't know.

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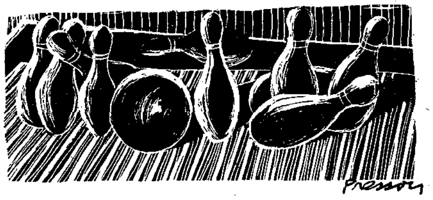
Incidental Intelligence: There's a garage in Manhasset called Rudy's Valley Garage.

The Pentagon Bar, at 12 Vanderbilt Avenue, is hexagonal.

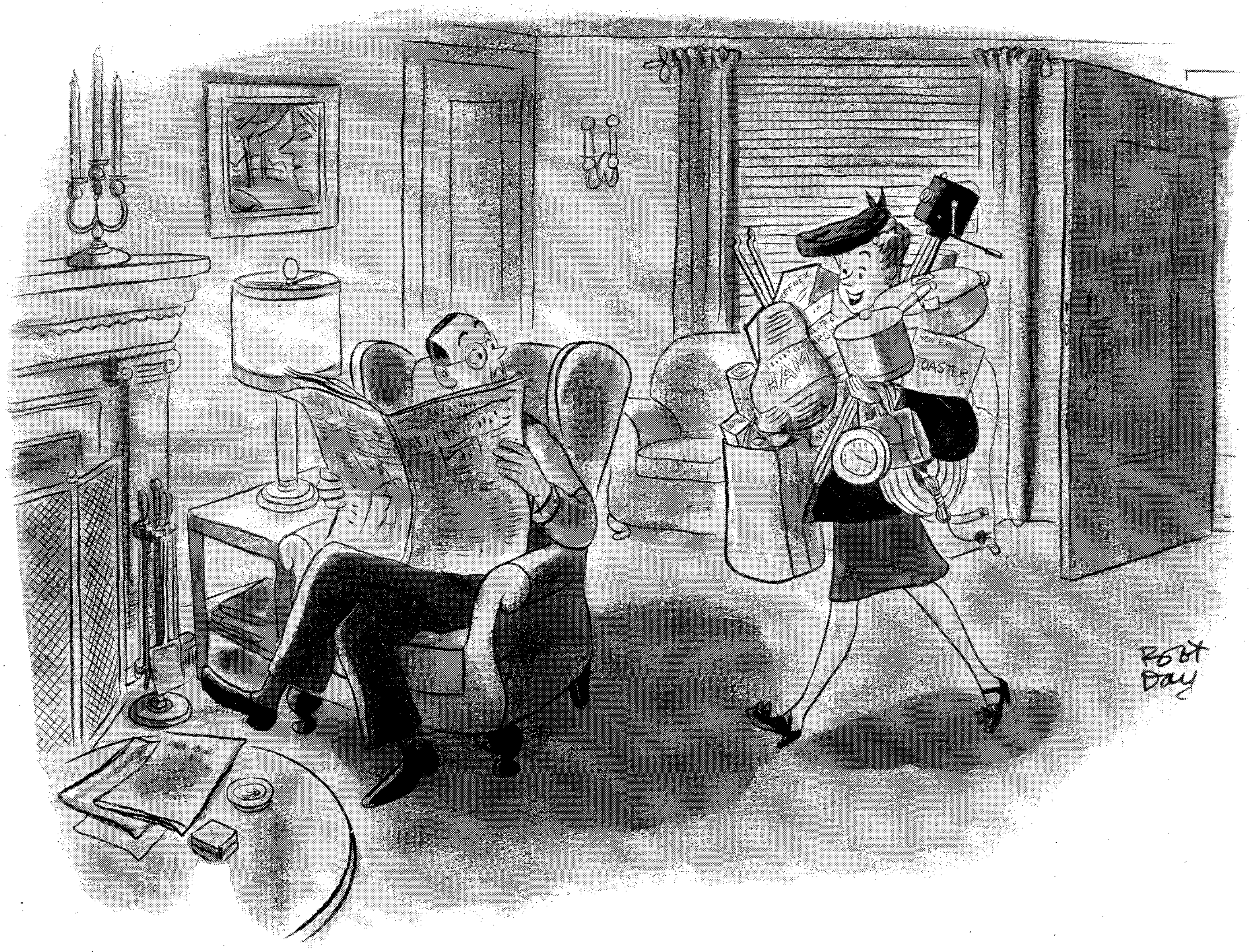
Consequence of Affection

People interested in having their own or someone else's portrait painted are likely to show up at a flourishing, exceedingly genteel enterprise known as Portraits, Inc., which occupies a gallery at 460 Park Avenue so suavely furnished with fine old French pieces and so deftly baited with samples of the work of the artists for whom the gallery acts as agent as to induce in a prospective subject the conviction that the commissioning of a heroic three-quarter-length likeness is a most urgent matter. This hushed and handsome clearing house of art—the only one in the world devoted exclusively to portraits—is presided over by two soft-spoken, hard-working ladies named Lois Shaw and Helen Read, who accept commissions on behalf of a stable of more than sixty distinguished artists, among them John Carroll, Sidney Dickinson, Gerald Brockhurst, John Koch, Guy Pène du Bois, Eugene Speicher, Simka Simkhovitch, and Henriette Wyeth.



We visited the gallery ourself on a recent afternoon, tiptoeing about the dusky, gray-and-golden rooms under the good-humored guidance of Mrs. Read and inspecting the samples, which are either completed portraits not yet delivered to the people who commissioned them or portraits painted as samples for the gallery. Mrs. Read asked us if we knew the motto of the establishment, to which we ungallantly replied that we didn't. "It's by Dr. Johnson," she said. " 'Portrait painting is a reasonable and natural consequence of affection.' Don't you think that's appropriate?" Mrs. Read explained to us the principle upon which the gallery works. "People come in," she said, "and look over the fifty or so paintings we always have on display, or go through some of the hundreds of photographs of paintings we have in our files, until they find an artist whose style and price appeal to them. Prices go from a hundred dollars to ten thousand dollars, depending on the artist. We're always on the lookout for talented young American artists—we're not interested in pushing the careers of any but American artists—and we try to steer people away from the merely snobbish attraction of a name. But good portraitists are hard to find, because up until a few years ago portrait painting was looked down on as a corrupt branch of art, in which the artist was forced to do nothing but slick, flattering likenesses of his subjects, as Boldini did. People have learned not to expect that sort of prettiness nowadays, or, anyhow, less of it."

Mrs. Read told us that, contrary to the general opinion, men are more eager to have their portraits painted than women, although they invariably pretend that they're sitting only under protest. College presidents and children are about the most numerous subjects, with bankers and industrialists coming up fast, possibly as a natural consequence of the fact that the commissioning of a portrait of the chairman of the board for the directors' room is a deductible business expense. Yale commissioned six portraits through Portraits, Inc., in the last two years alone, the sitters being President Seymour, Dean Warren, Dean Meeks, Henry L. Stimson ("For Skull and Bones," Mrs. Read told us, in a frightened voice), the late Emerson Tuttle, and the late Frederick Vanderbilt. Large paintings have gone out of fashion, along with large houses. The current favorite size is twenty-five inches by thirty, or not enough space for Sargent



"Darling! The dam has burst!"

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to have warmed up in. Most artists insist on the sitter's coming to the studio, but a number of the younger artists are prepared to go anywhere on an assignment. Some artists need only five or six sittings, some twenty. (Whistler took up to sixty.)

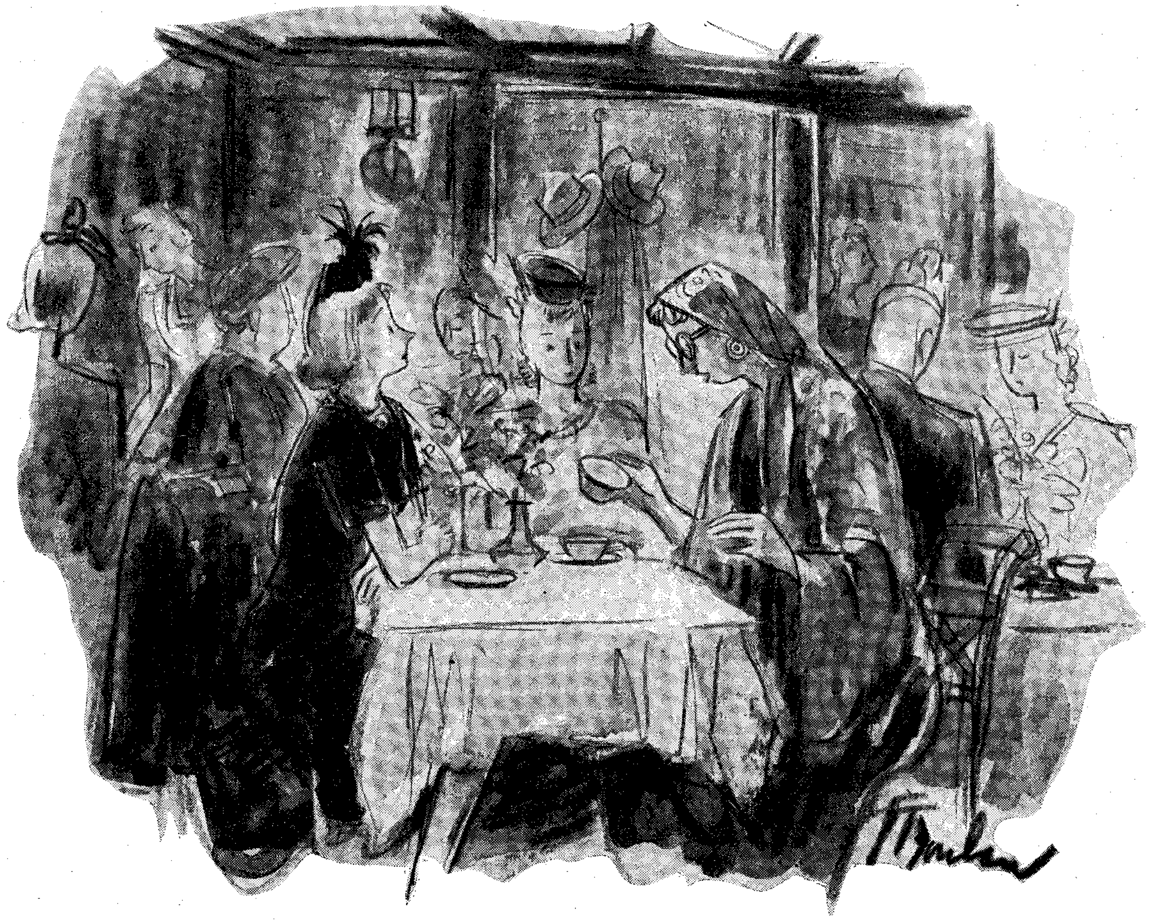
Portraits, Inc., was incorporated in 1942 and is already big business, arranging for the painting of several hundred portraits a year and getting as commission, in most cases, a third of the price. "One of the most important things about our gallery," Mrs. Read said, "is that if you don't like a portrait when it's done, you don't have to take it. The artist may ask to try again, or you may choose another artist. For the artists' own sake, we want to make sure their work isn't tucked away in attics or apologized for." Doubleday came to Portraits, Inc., for help on the dust jacket of "Lydia Bailey," the new Kenneth Roberts novel, in which a portrait of the heroine, supposedly by Stuart, figures importantly. Portraits, Inc., got an artist named Schwarz to paint a girl in the Stuart manner.

Comparison

OUR attention has been called to an entry in the diary of an eight-year-old miss who has been sojourning in a warmer clime: "The first thing we did this morning was go out in a glass-bottomed boat. We saw all kinds of fish and a shark about as long as Mother."

Specialist

ONE of the less well-known publishers of the city is Mr. August Howard, a man who divides his time between the Boy Scouts of America headquarters, at 2 Park Avenue, and his home, at Long Beach, and issues the *Polar Times*, a semi-annual journal. Howard has long been a staff worker at the Scouts' national offices, and it was there we found him last week and learned how an interest in Scouting led to a devotion to the polar regions. In 1927, Admiral Byrd, exuberant over having flown the Atlantic, wrote to the Boy Scouts of France that he would be willing to take a Scout along on the trip to Antarctica he planned for the following year. The French Scouts expressed hearty approval and that was that, so far as they were concerned. But the letter was printed in the American press and hundreds of American Scouts wrote in asking to accompany him. He delegated the choice to National Headquarters, which picked Paul Siple, a Sea Scout. Off Siple went to Little America, and off went Howard to his desk to do right by the relatives and friends of Siple, including the twenty-five members of his Sea Scout ship, by getting out for them a mimeographed monthly paper he called the *Metropolitan Pilot*, which consisted largely of reprints of newspaper articles telling of Siple's explorative adventures. By the time Howard had completed this self-assignment, he was a polar bug. In



"You will meet a tall, dark, rich, handsome man, who will marry your sister."

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1933, during Byrd's second expedition to the Antarctic, he enlarged his frame of reference to include the expedition as a whole and started the *Little America Times*, which lasted eighteen months and was distributed to the families and friends of Byrd's outfit. In 1935, he converted this publication into the *Polar Times*, and has kept it going ever since, on a twice-a-year basis. He culls most of its contents from various scientific publications, the only moderately polar *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*, and lesser sources. He recently got a dandy piece on Chilean plans for Antarctic exploration from the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Although Howard has never been very far north or south of Thirty-third Street, his editorial work has made him a top-rank polar expert. He has amassed a library of two hundred volumes on polar matters—many the gift of explorer-authors—and he was the founder, twelve years ago, of the American Polar Society, the membership of which numbers about five hundred—including Sir Hubert Wilkins, naturally—and comprises the subscription list of the *Polar Times*. About half of the members have visited a polar region. Siple is now a Ph.D., an explorer, an ex-lieutenant colonel, and, as a civilian employee of the War Department, the Army's senior representative on the Navy's present expedition to Little America. He was the Society's first president, and during the war served as chief of the Climatology and Environmental Protection Section, Research and Development Branch, Office of the Quartermaster General of the Army; he received few letters from the home folks, because they couldn't get all that on an envelope. He tested and developed clothing for wear in various extreme climates. The Society keeps an index of polar areas its members have visited, so that explorers contemplating a trip to a particular spot can find out who has been there before and query them as to conditions. Ignorance of such, Mr. Howard told us, is rife, despite the *Polar Times*. "Lots of people," he said sadly, "believe that penguins can fly, that there are polar bears at the South Pole, and that the Arctic Sea is an ocean. Few realize that Antarctica was once a dense tropic, but if you recall the immense coal deposits there, you see the truth of *that* in a minute." Howard also remarked that most people think that Antarctica is inhabited by permanent residents, and in this connection told us that this year it *is* astonishingly well populated, but by transients. With the Byrd and a British expedition and seventeen whaling fleets, it has a current population—mostly afloat, of course—of about fifteen thousand.

Howard is a man of high, but not unbending, semasiological standards. As he uses it, the word "polar" applies to all territories where polar conditions prevail, and not just to areas enclosed by the Arctic and Antarctic Circles. Thus Norway, which is partly north of the Arctic Circle, is excluded from the *Polar Times'* orbit, while Labrador, which is entirely south of the Circle, is included. So, as a romantic exception, are the Aleutian Islands, where conditions are far from prevailingly polar. The *Polar Times* has one competitor, the *Polar Record*, published by the Scott Polar Research Institute of Cambridge, England, and in respect to it Howard evinces an unusual and gratifying broadmindedness. Every issue of his paper contains a box urging subscribers to read the *Record*.

Outsider

As evidence of the extent to which New York has become the capital of the world, we cite the case of a gentleman who got into a crowded elevator in the Biltmore the other day. One passenger nudged a companion and announced, "*Americano*," whereupon everyone turned and looked at him with respectful curiosity.

Glove Party

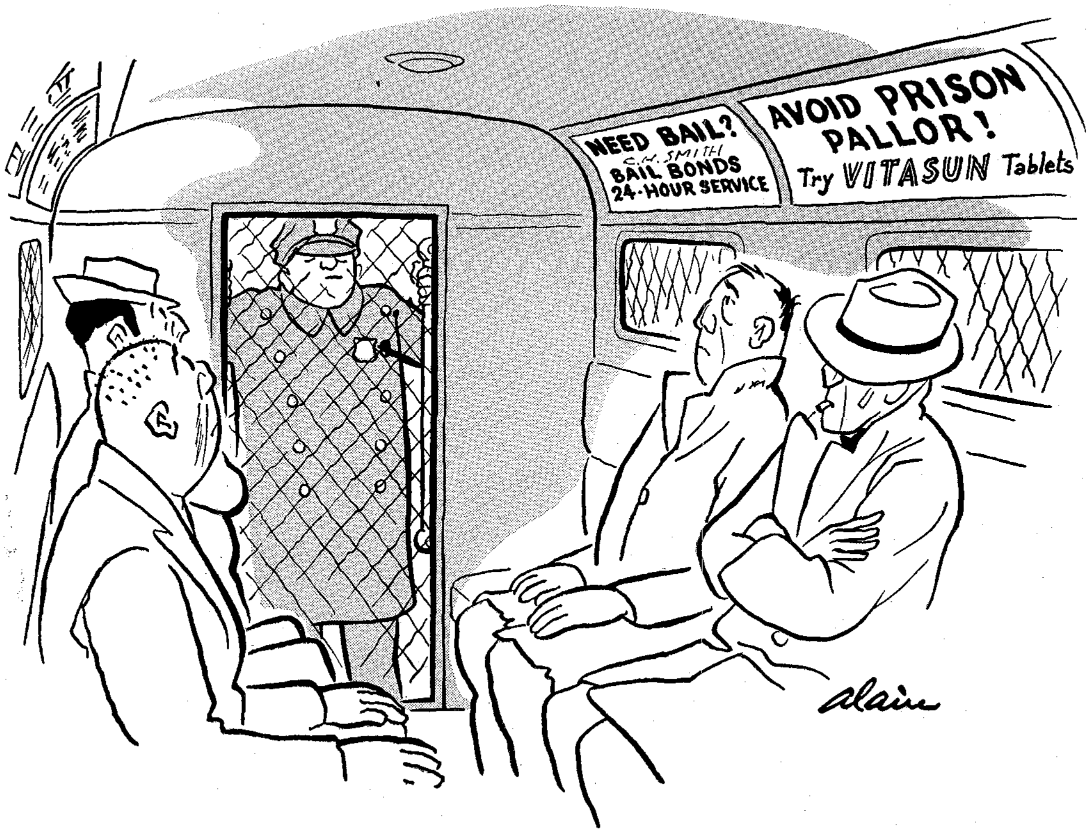
We trotted over to Lord & Taylor the other day to attend a party given, as we understood it, in honor of some old gloves in the Louvre, and soon found ourself in a space off the basement, under the sidewalk that runs in front of the store's four Fifth Avenue display windows. The sets these windows contain are on elevators, which rise two floors to the street, or public-display, level. They are changed weekly. Painting, carpentry, and heavy prop installation are done in the sub-basement; final touches before unveiling are done at the basement level, and it was there that we were—the world walking by overhead, pretty girls passing champagne all around us—looking at four displays of copies and adaptations of gloves worn by Napoleon, Josephine, and the Empress Marie-Louise. "Perrin of Paris had them copied from originals in the Louvre, other French museums, and private collections in France," Mr. Henry Callahan, the store's window-display director, told us. "We're not putting them in stock, but they've influenced our new women's gloves—in the return of detailed embroidery and so forth." We paused before the southernmost set and read a sign proclaiming, "The First Empire of France gave Napoleon and the couturiers of Paris two elegant disciples of Fashion—Empress Josephine and Empress Marie-Louise. At the time of Josephine's divorce from Napoleon her wardrobe inventory disclosed 72 pairs of gloves!" A man rushed up to Callahan and said, "There's a mistake in that sign. It should be *seven hundred and twenty*. Seventy-two isn't anything extraordinary."

The two went into a huddle, and we went on to the other sets, where we admired copies of gloves "worn by General Bonaparte at the Battle of Rivoli, January 14, 1797," "when crossing the Grand St. Bernard, May 20, 1800," in the first Italian campaign, at his coronation, and so on. We had had no idea Napoleon was such a glove man. A lady who told us she had just lost her gloves and who identified herself as Polaire Weissman, of the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum, called our attention to a portrait of Napoleon and to a garment she described as a pale-mauve, net-ground, all-over hand-embroidered sequin dress (we wrote it down carefully), which had once belonged to Queen Alexandra. These items, she said, had been lent by the Museum. "Fin de Siècle Fashion," a sign in the Queen Alexandra display ran, "was influenced by the great actresses of the day, like Sarah Bernhardt. The styles were frankly feminine and whimsical—often on the rococo side. Gloves made their appearance in pastel shades and were tenderly labelled 'pigeon's breast,' 'candy pink,' and 'duck blue.' " We tore ourself away from a vision of duck-blue gloves long enough to permit Mr. Hugh McCourt, L. & T.'s production manager, to take us to the sub-basement, which was full of painters, lumber, and frankly nude feminine manikins. "These windows were put in when the store was built, in 1914," said McCourt. "They're the only ones of their kind in the world. The present show is an easy one—no big props. A few years ago, we put on a snowstorm that cost nearly three thousand dollars. We spent eight hundred and fifty dollars for snowflakes—cornflakes, actually—and made frost on the glass out of stale beer and Epsom salts. It took four wind machines to keep the storm going. The weather was unseasonably warm at the time, and our coat business very bad, but the storm was such a success that our coat buyer told me her sales went up thirty-three per cent. She said it was a godsend."

Back on the party floor, we noted that a zero had been added to the "72" on the First Empire sign, and joined a conversation between Callahan, a lady from *Vogue*, and an unidentified male guest. "In the old days," said the last, "all you had to do to be a window trimmer was to put a shoe on a stand forty-two inches high and get out of the window without knocking it over. Now you're called a director of visual merchandising and you have to be an interior decorator, a psychologist, and a man of taste." He bowed to Callahan, who bowed back. "What happened to the man who did that piano at Bergdorf Goodman with water running out of it?" he continued. "He's in Hollywood," said the lady from *Vogue*, and asked, "Remember the one who did an elephant all made out of plaster roses?" "Bah!" said the man. "Display men are like ghouls and vultures hanging over the Cross, with all their nonsense about Christmas and Easter. Present company excepted, of course." Mr. Callahan bowed again.

Economics

WE pass this anecdote along for the edification of capital and of labor alike. The part-time maid of a local bachelor asked him the other morning what this portal-to-portal-pay business is all about. He interrupted his breakfast newspaper reading long enough to give her what he thought was an adequate elementary explanation. It had almost immediate results. When he got home that evening, he found a note from his employee suggesting an increase of fifty per cent in her hourly rate. "Do not forget," she pointed out in conclusion, "that all the time I am not here you are not paying me anything at all."



J'ACCUSE LES ÉTATS-UNIS

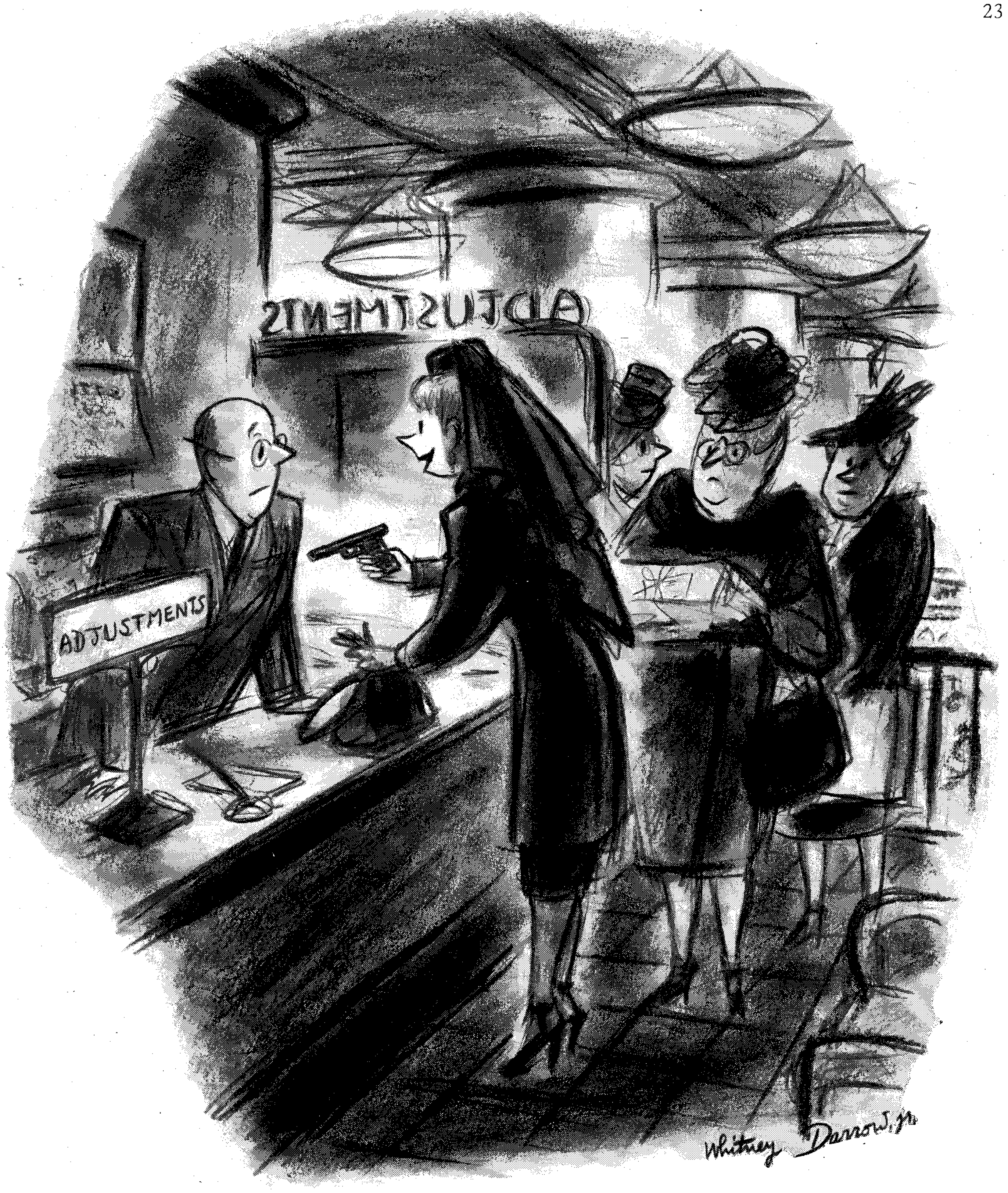
An uncle of mine, now dead, once devoted a couple of years to writing and then causing to be printed in the utmost privacy a sort of history of our clan, called "The Gibbs Family of Rhode Island, and Some Related Families." This was an innocent occupation, God knows, since no really virulent snob would concern himself with tracing his line back to nothing more majestic than an English yeoman and a handful of New England merchants. I should say that my uncle, a man with a strong feeling for the orderly past, was out only to establish our undeniable respectability, as represented by some three hundred years of comparative solvency, freedom from jail, and legitimacy of descent from one generation to the next, and he did it convincingly enough. It is true that on page 58 there is a genealogical table according to which I was born a little more than a month before my parents were married, but this, I am happy to say, appears to be an error and a more palatable version is given on a subsequent page. On the whole, it is a thorough, earnest book, and it seems rather a pity that, with the exception of a couple of paragraphs, it should also be moderately dull.

The first of these, however, occupying most of pages 12 and 13, has its points of interest and may be worth reprinting in a somewhat abbreviated form. "Before the War of the Revolution," wrote my uncle, whose prose was as sturdy and as innocent of corrupt grace notes as his personality, "Gibbs's business appears to have been mainly with the West Indies. . . . During the war, all commercial shipping at Newport seems to have come to a standstill, while the British occupied the town. When they left, however (in 1779), Gibbs returned, actively resumed business, and conducted it with an enterprise so intelligent that at the height of his activity no less than seventy-five sailing vessels belonging to him sailed from Newport for all parts of the world. . . . Added to the dangers of the sea, in those days of small sailing vessels, were the risks of war and piracy. A character, well known at the time, was 'Gibbs the Pirate.' He was, in fact, a mate on one of George Gibbs's vessels who assumed the name of Gibbs, organized a mutiny, turned pirate, and committed numerous depredations. Our war for independence with England, the wars following on the French Revolution, and the aggressions of the Barbary pirates, all levied toll on Gibbs's fleet and all added to the difficulties of his career. One of his ships had been absent and unheard of for more than three years, and insurance upon her had been paid, when she sailed into Newport harbor with a good cargo and a strange tale of adventure."

I have been pleased with this passage ever since the book first issued from the Derrydale Press, in its acutely limited edition of a hundred and fifty copies, back in 1933. As a writer, and therefore a member of a class that has always lived in resentful awe of solid men of property, I was encouraged to learn that an ancestor of mine (the George Gibbs referred to would be my great-great-grandfather) once owned seventy-five trim ships and set them sailing all around the world. Contrary to the basic principle of a vanishing British caste system, trade has its own aristocracy, and that proud fleet—I can see it now, in strict, interminable procession, beating eastward past Point Judith and Block Island—seemed to place us firmly very near the top.

I like Gibbs the Pirate, who, one day when the ship was far from any shore and time no doubt hung heavy on his hands, organized his mutiny, sardonically assumed his master's honest name, and, in my uncle's dry, exasperated, and wonderfully inadequate phrase, "committed numerous depredations." I have sometimes dreamed that Gibbs the Pirate actually had some right to the name they say he stole, that he was, perhaps, the son of some impulsive lady who loved my ancestor with more warmth than discretion (she might, of course, have simply been carried away by all those ships), and that the piracy, so outrageously labelled with our name, had about it a sort of poetic justice. However, I have been on close terms with a good many men in our family, and while they have had their useful gifts, seduction was hardly one of them. Since I see no reason to suppose that my remote ancestors were any better at it than we have been, I'm afraid that Gibbs the Pirate was no kin of mine at all, but simply what he seemed—a reckless opportunist, with a somewhat disconcerting sense of humor.

I am also fond of the bit about the ship that sailed off over the perilous horizon, was duly given up as lost, and then, three years later, sailed back again, "with a good cargo and a strange tale of adventure." My uncle's book is a hundred and ninety-three pages long, and on a hundred and ninety-one of them there is little to be found beyond the patient recording of births and marriages and deaths, and the histories of respectable men who accumulated modest fortunes, guarded them anxiously, and, with a few unfortunate exceptions, passed them on to the heirs provided for them by their monotonously virtuous wives. Gibbs the Pirate and the ship that vanished over the rim of the world are, in fact, just about the only touches of drama in the whole book, and to a reader not personally concerned with the foliage on our family tree they must be welcome diversions. My own interest, however, is purely literary. Most writers I know, confronted with unpromising material, are in the habit of searching it industriously for picturesque details and then building their stories around any they may find, for the purpose of producing a lively, though distorted, picture. My uncle's book seems to me a withering comment on such practices. He was in possession of the plot for a fine, salty novel, and maybe even a subsequent Hollywood film, but his heart was in vital statistics and he cut away irrelevancies with a ruthless hand. Somewhat corrupted myself by too many years at a typewriter, I can't imagine discarding, or, more accurately, reducing to approximately two hundred words of cold and rigid prose, a story that compared very favorably with much of Conrad, for the sole reason that it hadn't anything in particular to do with what I was really talking about. However, enough New England blood still runs in my veins so that I can appreciate austerity in others and the correct instinct that tells a man what is really important in life and what, no matter how dramatic it may sound, remains peripheral. By any rational standards, I suppose my uncle was one of the least accomplished writers who ever lived, but I salute the peculiar arrogance of a spirit which had no doubt that the precise lettering on a family tombstone was of more real importance to posterity than any gaudy tale of piracy or the strange adventures of a long-lost ship. He had no literary talent at all, but his sense of values was incorrupti-



"It was only used once."

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ble, and who shall say which best befits a man?

SO far, I may have written frivolously about the Gibbs Family of Rhode Island and its associated clans, but the following paragraph, which, in the book, comes immediately after the one previously quoted, arouses quite different emotions:

The aggressions of the French upon commerce on the high seas after their Revolution caused especially great losses to American shipping, and Gibbs suffered severely. For example, the ship Russell, owned by him, was captured by a French privateer on August 8, 1799.... Out of such acts as these arose the controversy known as "The French Claims," a settlement for which was afterwards made by the French Government and a lump sum paid over to the United States Government *to be distributed by it to the rightful* owners of the property destroyed. The money received is still, for the most part, retained by our Government; the Gibbs heirs a few years ago received a small reimbursement for the loss of one particular vessel, but the greater part of the sum went to the lawyers, and the main claims cannot to this day be collected from our Government.

Obviously, an ancient indignation, undiminished through four generations and a hundred and fifty years, burns in every line of this, and it still persists quite vigorously in me. I recall vaguely from what passed as conversations between my uncle and myself that the sum involved is something like $400,000, though I forget the exact number of the ships we lost. Anyway, the case is clear: In an irresponsible mood, not uncommon in revolutionaries, the French seized several vessels belonging to my family, but then, sobering up, made honorable restitution to the United States Government. After making that contemptible effort to fob us off with a fractional payment (most of which, as my uncle ironically observes, melted with the lawyers), my country decided to keep the money for itself, to build, I'm sure, some monument to blind and hamstrung justice.

Since I am the only direct male descendant of the Gibbs who lost his ships, the matter of "The French Claims" has descended legitimately to me, and I have no intention of abandoning the fight. But before I take up the case with my own lawyers, a firm with a rather impressive record for extracting blood from stones, I am prepared to offer what strikes me as an extremely generous compromise. There is, at the moment, another small disagreement between the United States Government and myself. From time to time, in the past year, a Mr. Rosencranz, a small, neat, chilly man, representing the Bureau of Internal Revenue, has appeared at my house with some dubious idea that I owe his employers $453 for what he describes as "the unforgiven portion of income tax for 1943." So far, this controversy has resulted in a sort of irritable stalemate. Mr. Rosencranz wishes to see my "books," being under the delusion common to his kind that citizens are in the habit of recording all their transactions scrupulously in ledgers and then keeping the damn things around the house forever; I wish to see some more convincing proof of my debt than a mimeographed sheet with my name and a few figures carelessly scrawled on it in pencil.

I seriously doubt if I owe Mr. Rosencranz, or his masters, a nickel, or if he can prove it if I do, but, as I say, I'm willing to bargain. To get the thing on a man-to-man basis, Rosencranz, as the representative of the United States Government, incontrovertibly owes me the $400,000 he got out of the French; I may or may not owe him the $453. To avoid any unpleasantness in court, and, of course, any further nonsense with lawyers, I am willing to knock off no less than $100,000 on what I have coming for my boats, and, furthermore, to pay his childish tax. By my figures, this leaves Rosencranz owing me exactly $299,547. In cash, I'll settle for a quarter of a million, in small bills, preferably unmarked.

—Wolcott Gibbs

LOVE AMONG THE FOREIGN OFFICES

Moscow, Jan. 23—The claim first made on January 15 that Foreign Secretary Bevin of Britain renounced the Anglo-Soviet treaty of alliance in his speech on December 22 was defended today by *Pravda*, official organ of the Communist party.—*The Times.*

STALIN UPHOLDS BRITISH TIE . . . SERIOUS RIFT HELD AVERTED
—*The Times, January 25.*

"England, do you love me?"
  Said Russia to her love.
"Of course I love you, Sweetie.
Let's sign a treaty!"
    (They loved each other so,
    But that was months ago.)

"You love me not," says Russia.
  "I saw you look at France."
"How quite absurd," says England.
  "That was the merest glance."

"You love me not," says Russia.
  "You're treating me like dirt;
It's all come out in *Pravda*—
  You're just a common flirt."

"Oh, false, false words," says England.
  "I love you most sincerely;
You *know* I love you, Sweetie,
It says so in the treaty.
  I love you dearly.
    It makes me gloomy
    When you misconstrue me."

Russia:
"By heaven, listen to Bevin!
  Have I not ears and eyes?
  He said you have no ties.
Clearly you love me not."

"I love you *so*," says England.
  "You love me not," says R.
"I do!"
  "You don't!"
"I do!"
  "You don't!"
"I *do*. You go too far."

"O.K., you do," says Stalin,
"But watch that ring,
You promiscuous thing!"

    (So runs the love of nations
      As old men specify—
    The fitful love of nations,
      For which the young men die.)

—E. B. W.

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THE CAVE-IN

LATE in the spring of 1925, the headmaster of the American School in Kuling, China, where I was a boarding pupil, decided that the courtyard behind the main building of the school should be enlarged in order to give the servants more space to work, and to improve the drainage of rain water from the upper grounds. The main building stood on the slope of a hill. There was already a twelve-foot vertical cut in the slope at the rear of the building, and a level space perhaps twenty feet wide between this cut and the building itself had been excavated to make a court. The headmaster proposed to have the width of this court increased by seven feet.

It was not long before a Chinese contractor was engaged and a crew of twenty-odd coolies set to work digging into the reddish clay of the hillside. Other coolies carried the earth away in large baskets hung from poles, some loads going to level up parts of the school's athletic field and others to fill in a terrace at another of the contractor's construction projects.

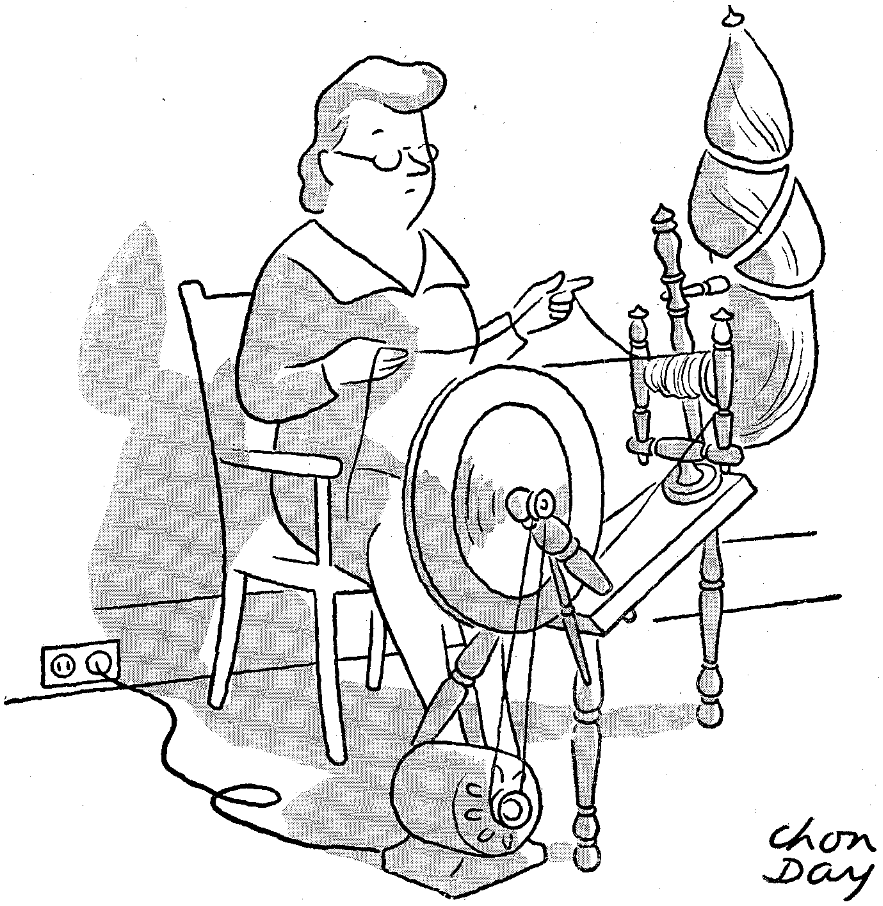
For a day or two everything went smoothly. During what free time we had, groups of students, both boys and girls, would gather behind the building to watch the men, not because this was an especially unusual sight but because it gave us an excuse for loitering outside. The headmaster was also keeping an eye on the progress of the work, and soon he felt it necessary to express disapproval of the contractor's methods. The coolies had been put to work at the base of the existing cut and had been doing all their digging from head level down. This, the headmaster pointed out to the contractor, was dangerous. The conversation took place in the courtyard before an interested audience of us children. The headmaster said that the entire face of the cut was being undermined, and that if the men went in much farther, there would almost certainly be a cave-in. This, the contractor replied, was precisely what he himself expected to happen. Indeed, he couldn't have offered to do the job at such a low price if he had planned to have the men dig down from the top. The headmaster was not visibly impressed by this answer and asked the contractor how he could be sure that none of the coolies would be injured when the crash came. The contractor, who spent most of his time sitting around in a white linen gown drinking tea, smiled at the headmaster's naïveté and told him that the Chinese had been doing this sort of excavation in just this manner for centuries, that he would know when the danger point had been reached, and that when this moment came, he would send all the coolies up to the top of the bank to jump up and down. The jumping and their weight would loosen the soil and the whole bank would crash down, saving no one knew how many days' work. He thought it would be a fine sight and he strongly recommended that everyone try to see it. Afterward, the coolies would carry off the earth. This was the way to do the job, he said, and he implied, in conclusion, that if the headmaster would just stick to what he was paid to do, he, the contractor, would be happy to do likewise.

Though the headmaster looked anything but convinced, he gave up for the day, and as soon as he had left, we children were treated to quite a show by the contractor as he mimicked the headmaster's accent and gestures. Then, flipping open his large, gentleman's fan, he shouted at the men to get on with the work and stop standing around with their mouths hanging open.

This exchange between the headmaster and the contractor was repeated the next day. The coolies meanwhile had dug deeper into the bank and the situation did begin to look a little precarious. Failing again to get satisfaction, the headmaster announced at breakfast the following morning—the day was a Saturday—that no one was to venture into the courtyard or walk along the top of the bank. Late Saturday evening it began to drizzle, and most of Sunday there was rain. We wondered whether enough water would fall to overweight the bank and bring it down. Some of us spent a good part of Sunday afternoon and evening on the sleeping porches at the rear of the building, just in case the headmaster knew what he was talking about. There were, naturally, one or two boys present who took pleasure in quoting the contractor's better thrusts.

BY Monday morning the rain had stopped and the coolies were back at work. The contractor announced loudly that the moment had almost come, that some persons might think it even now time to stop digging, but that to one of his experience it was plain that still more dirt must be removed. He clicked his fan open and shut a number of times, and stood a good distance from the bank.

Although it would be an exaggeration to say that we children went to our first classes that Monday morning with a sense of impending disaster, and though much of our anxiety was mere-



ly that we would not be there to see the coolies jump up and down on top of the bank till it collapsed, some of us hoped secretly that everything might not go as planned. It was in this mood that we gathered for chapel services, so when the matron came into the assembly hall, which was on the second floor of the building, and spoke to the headmaster in the middle of the opening hymn, we stopped singing almost before the headmaster raised his hand, despite the fact that we had heard no sounds from outdoors.

"A bad accident has just occurred," the headmaster announced. "The nurse and the members of the Scout Troop will come with me. Everyone else will remain here for the rest of the service, after which classes will be held as usual."

Feeling very important, I stood up with the other Scouts, and we followed the headmaster and the nurse out of the hall. When we reached the stairs, we heard noise mounting in the courtyard. As we went down, we could see through the windows on each landing that the earth had caved in along the entire length of the bank. The school servants were running about in great excitement when we reached the court itself. The contractor had lost his aplomb and was shrieking commands in a hysterical voice. Some of the workmen were digging out the men who had not been completely buried, and one man, whose left leg was caught under a great heap of fallen dirt, was shouting to the others to rescue him before any more of the bank fell. Near one end of the cave-in, five or six men were digging frantically and calling for others to come to their help.

The headmaster silenced the contractor by telling him to find out how many of his coolies were missing. The older Scouts were ordered to take up any shovels and picks they could find and help the men already at work. The school nurse commandeered one of the classrooms on the ground floor and sent me and another of the younger boys, whose name was Walker, to the infirmary for her first-aid supplies. Some of the servants and the rest of the younger Scouts were ordered to bring basins of water to the classroom and to move out most of the chairs.

By the time Walker and I got back to the improvised first-aid station, some of the casualties had been brought in, among them the man whose leg had been pinned down. The nurse found that the leg was broken, and she had the man laid on the floor on a folded blanket and told one of the younger Scouts to clean him up without moving the leg. Some of the men in the room had been badly bruised or cut, and the nurse set about patching them up. While she was doing this, two of the older Scouts carried in a man who was covered with clay from his waist up. "He's still breathing all right," one of them said, "but he seems to feel best sitting up. We don't know how badly he's hurt."

"All right," the nurse answered. "Prop him up in that chair." Then she spoke to Walker and me. "You two get a basin of warm water and some wash-rags and wash the dirt off him. Some of his ribs may be cracked, so go easy."

WALKER and I got a big basin of warm water, and each of us took a washcloth from the supply of towels and cloths that one of the servants had brought in. The man was wearing nothing but straw sandals and a pair of faded blue trousers. His mouth hung open and he breathed through it heavily, moaning occasionally. Half afraid and half curious, I reached out and took an experimental dab at his forehead. As I touched him, he gave a grunt. "It's all right," I said, pulling my hand back. "We're going to help you."

"What's the matter with you?" Walker said scornfully. "He can't understand English and his ears are covered with mud anyway." This was true. The man's whole head was an irregular sphere of reddish clay, in which his mouth was the only opening.

"Let's work from his waist up," Walker said, and I sensed that he shared my reluctance to touch the man's head.

Gently we began washing him, scraping the clay off with our fingers first and then using the cloths. As we uncovered his ribs, the man groaned a few times, but we went on washing him, sliding our arms behind him to get at his back.

While we were doing this, other men were brought in, but Walker and I scarcely noticed them. We emptied and refilled the basin five or six times before we had finished washing the man's chest and arms and back. At times he moaned, but he made no attempt to resist.

When we had refilled our basin once again, I said to Walker, "Well, now we've got to start on his head."

"Yes," Walker said. "Where should we begin?"

"If we start on his ears," I suggested, "maybe you can talk to him and tell him what we're doing and ask him where the worst pain is." Walker's home was nearer to Kuling than mine and there was more chance that the man would understand his Chinese. My own meagre knowledge of the Shanghai dialect would, I knew, be useless.

"Well, let's begin," Walker said.

Working one on each side of the man's head, we scraped away the clay. "Perhaps we should have done this first," I remarked.

"It's too late now," Walker answered.

The clay had been forced into the man's ears, and we had to get swab sticks from the nurse's supplies before we could dislodge the plugs of dirt that had been formed. Walker bent down and spoke in Chinese.

"What are you saying to him?" I asked impatiently.

"Shut up," Walker said. "How can I talk to him if you keep yelling at me? I'm just telling him who we are and what's happened to him. I don't know if he understands."

But the clay-laden lower jaw moved a little and the man whispered what even I knew were the two syllables for "Thank you" in the local dialect.

REPRISE

Geniuses of countless nations
Have told their love for generations,
Till all their memorable phrases
Are common as goldenrod or daisies.
Their girls have glimmered like the moon,
Or shimmered like a summer noon,
Stood like lily, fled like fawn,
Now the sunset, now the dawn,
Here the princess in the tower,
There the sweet, forbidden flower.
Darling, when I look at you,
Every aged phrase is new
And there are moments when it seems
I've married one of Shakespeare's dreams.

—OGDEN NASH

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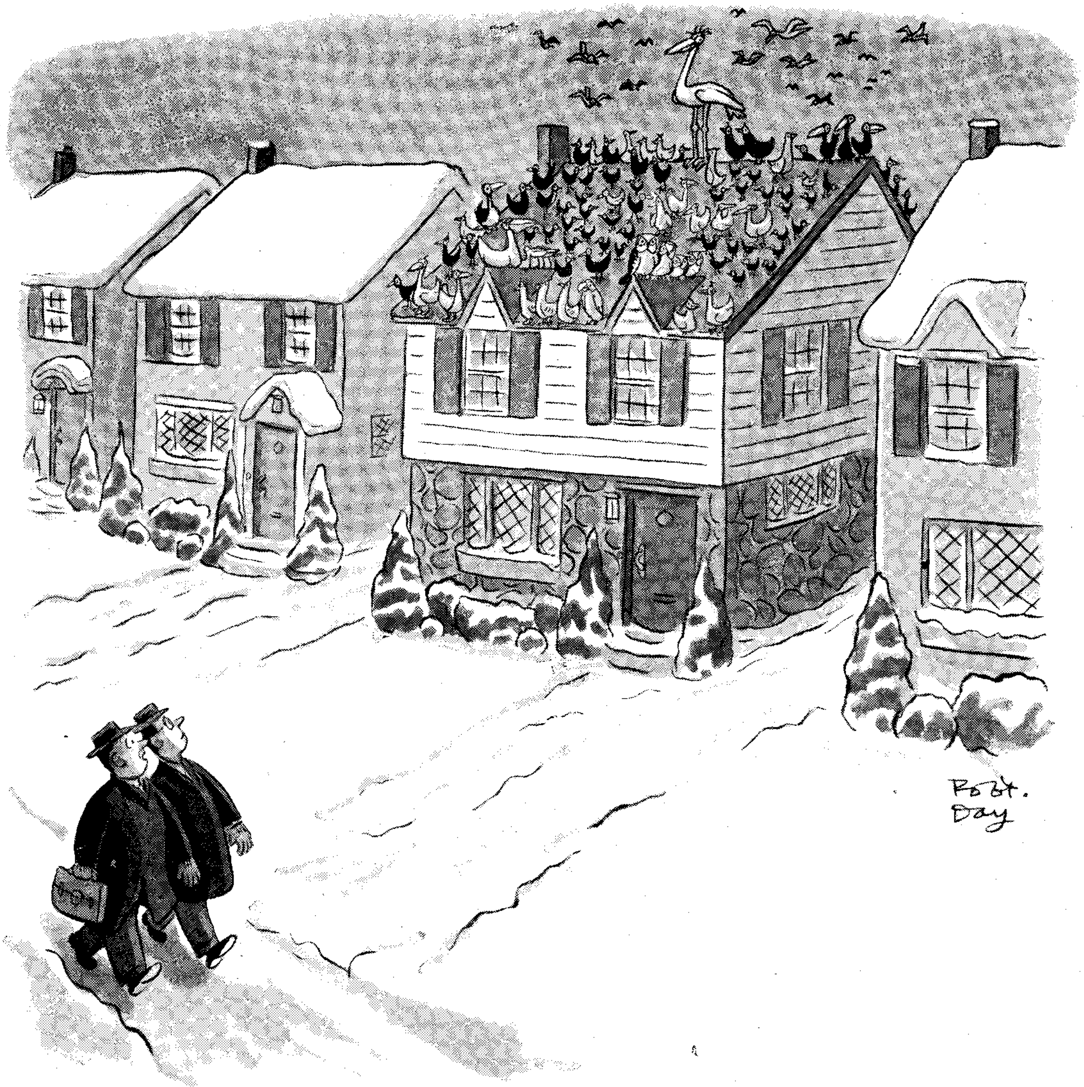

"It was originally a question of heat loss through poor insulation, but there must be a great deal more to it than that now."

• •

"Why, he's thanking us!" I said in wonder. A feeling of great tenderness came over me.

Walker nodded. "Yes. Now I'll ask him if there's any special place that hurts." He leaned over the coolie and spoke to him, but the man only groaned and again whispered, "Thank you."

With great care we washed his lower jaw and upper lip, wiping away the slime around his mouth. We had to use the swab sticks again when we came to his nose. Slowly we worked at his forehead and from time to time were startled afresh to hear the man's whispered "Thank you." It was only when we began to work on his eyes that he whimpered.

We kept on as carefully as we could until I drew back suddenly. "Stop, Walker! Stop!" I exclaimed, and pointing, I said, "Look, look there." I had washed enough of the clay off one eye to see that the man's eyelids were opened and that the clay was packed in over the eyeball itself.

Walker gasped. Then he washed the other eye a little more and said, "It's the same with this one."

We paused. I reached out at last and touched the clay covering one eyeball. The man trembled and his hands came up in protest. His breathing grew jerky and he sobbed a little.

"I'll tell him we can't do any more now, that somebody else will do the rest," Walker said. He spoke to the man, who smiled weakly and said something. "He wants a cigarette," Walker said. "Do you suppose we'd get into trouble if we got one for him?"

"Of course not," I answered with more certainty than I felt. I went to the door, thinking to get a cigarette from one of the servants, but I saw the contractor standing in the hallway. I made a motion of lighting a cigarette and then held out my hand. He smiled and bowed, pulling out a pack of Ruby Queens and a small box of safety matches. I took a cigarette and the matches and nodded to him. He smiled and bowed again. Perhaps he thought that my father held an important official position.

"Say, we'll have to light it for him," Walker said when I returned.

"That's right, we will," I answered. Facing the wall, I struck a match and lit the cigarette. As I turned back, I let out a puff of blue smoke.

"Do you know how to smoke?" Walker asked, in considerable awe, as I put the cigarette between the man's lips.

"Well, not really," I admitted with some reluctance. "I smoked once in America, the last time I was there."

The man inhaled deeply, raised one of his hands slowly and took the cigarette out of his mouth, and said, "Thank you, thank you." We were glad to see that he could move his arm.

NOW that the coolie was as comfortable as we could make him, Walker and I began to look around the room. Five or six bandaged men were lying on blankets on the floor. The school doctor, an American, who had been called from his home, arrived, followed by the officials from the Chinese village at the head of the valley. The officials began to question the headmaster and the contractor. I was unable to follow much of what was being said, but the contractor looked as if he were worrying more about the size of the bribe he would have to pay than about the sufferings of his coolies.

I felt Walker jerk my sleeve. "Over there," he said, pointing to the corner of the room farthest from the door. What he had seen was two sheets stretched out over what we knew must be the bodies of two dead coolies. We said nothing, staring at the motionless white crests and hollows. I turned to the man we had been washing, as if in fear of finding him, too, dead. But he was still smoking his cigarette, reaching up to take it from his mouth between puffs but sitting motionless otherwise. When he had finished it, Walker took the butt from his hand and threw it into the basin.

The doctor was now free for a moment and we told him about the clay on the man's eyeballs. "I'll attend to that later," he said.

As we stood there wondering what to do next, one of the older boys came in and joined us. He looked over at the corner where the dead had been laid and abruptly said, "It was awful."

"What was?" I asked.

He looked puzzled. "Didn't you hear? The second one."

"Second one?" Walker asked.

"Yes—over there," he said, looking at the sheets. "We dug him out almost as soon as we started to work. He was breathing and almost right away he asked for a drink of water. I got him one and held up his head to help him drink it. Well, he swallowed most of it, and then he—well—he sort of gurgled, and then he—he just died." The boy's eyes looked hurt. "Do you think it could have been the water that killed him?"

"You mean he died just like that?" Walker demanded.

"Yes, he drank the water and then he died."

"But that wouldn't have killed him," Walker said. "He must have been broken inside. You ought to be glad you did something for him."

"Of course," I put in. "Nobody would die of a cup of water." The boy looked relieved.

"Have they got everyone now?" Walker asked him.

"No, there's still one they haven't found. I guess maybe I'll go out again. They're still digging."

Walker and I stood by our man until

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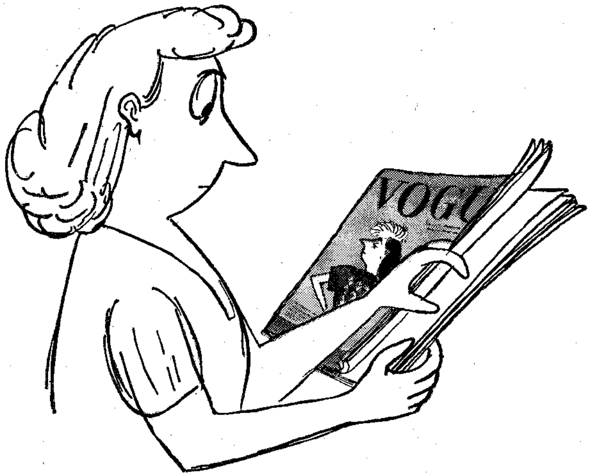

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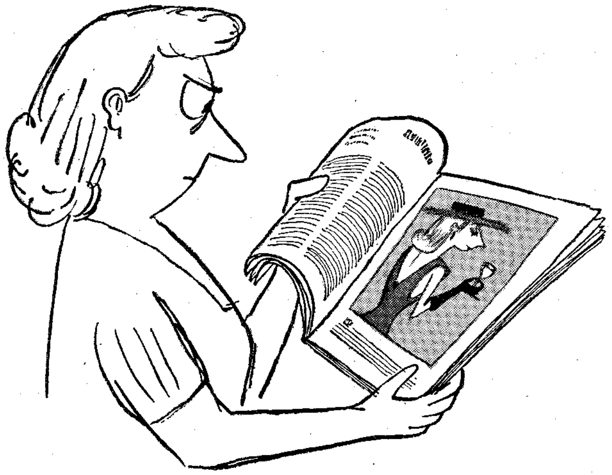

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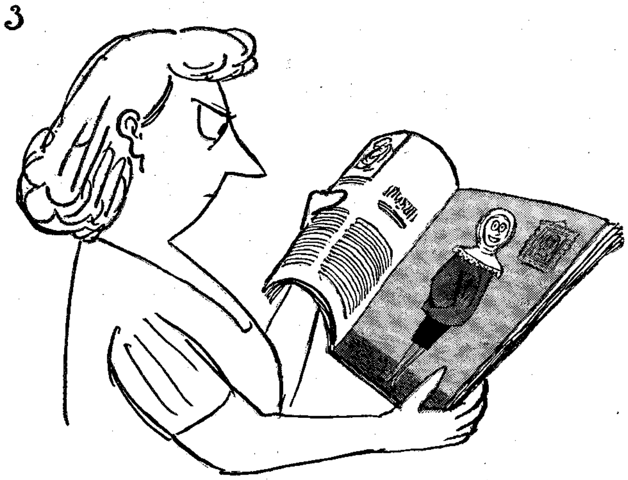

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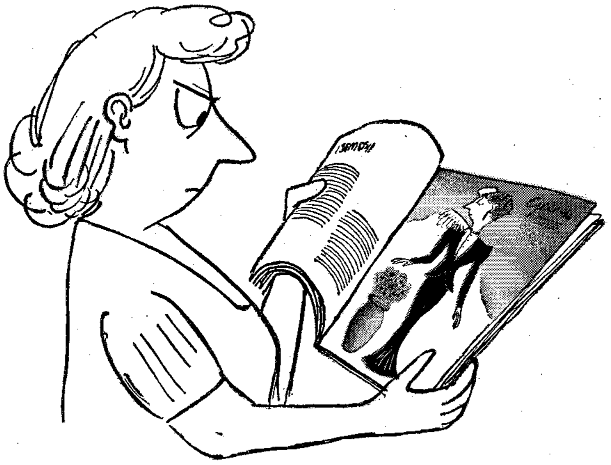

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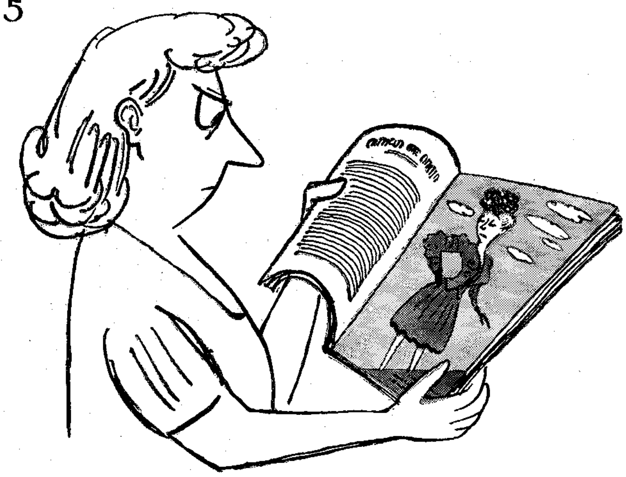

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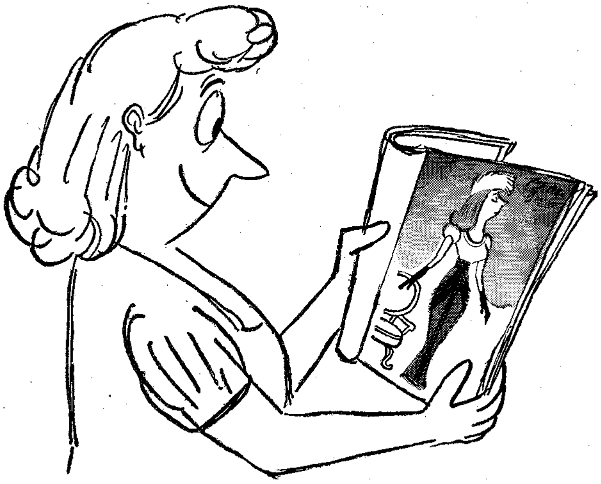

the nurse and doctor got to him. "Now you two may go," the nurse told us. "It's almost time for lunch and you must clean up."

"Couldn't we stay?" I asked. "Maybe we could help. I mean, we're interested, you know," I went on, in confusion, unable as well as unwilling to say right out that Walker and I felt a bond with the man sitting there, his face masklike with its two patches of red clay over the eyeballs.

"No, you'd just be in the way," the nurse said. "Run along now."

We backed out of the room and then went outside. In the courtyard the uninjured coolies and the older Scouts were still digging. One of the teachers watching from an upper window saw us and called for us to come in and get ready for lunch. The girls and the younger boys were all gathered at the windows above us, but from time to time their heads would be drawn in as a teacher came by and tried to get them away from the windows.

Walker and I went back into the building. The boys not yet old enough to be Scouts gathered around us, envious and questioning, but we had little to say to them. After lunch, of which I ate only a few mouthfuls, all of us were kept indoors until classes took up again. One of the teachers told us, in answer to our questions, that the body of the last man had still not been found, and it was not until the middle of the afternoon that word came in of its discovery.

WHEN Walker and I were finally able to get away, after classes, we learned that all the injured men had been moved from the school. We asked the nurse about the man we had tried to help.

"Now, just which one was that?" she inquired.

"His eyes were pressed in with dirt," I told her.

"Oh," she said, and I felt sure that she remembered him. "You know, there were so many hurt in one way or another that I can't really recall them individually."

I was certain that she was lying to us.

"Do you think if a person was hurt like that, he would have a chance to see again?" Walker persisted.

"Oh, yes," the nurse said, much too cheerfully, and then betrayed herself by adding, "Of course, there are lots of things a blind person can do to earn a living, you know."

Feeling utterly lost, we left her.

"He seemed so nice," Walker faltered. "And the way he kept saying, 'Thank you.' "

"Yes," I said.

At supper I still had no appetite, and all during study hall I stared at the pages of my books without trying to read them. While I was getting ready for bed, one of my roommates came in, in great excitement, saying that he had just learned that, because of some official red tape, the bodies of the three dead men hadn't been moved from the building yet. They were still lying in the classroom which had been turned into a first-aid station.

"Let's sneak downstairs after lights out and look in," he proposed.

"I don't want to," I said.

"Oh, come on," he urged, and told me that he and my other roommate and one other boy had decided to do it.

"All right," I agreed at last.

Shortly before midnight we sneaked down the hall in our bare feet. Using the servants' stairs, we reached the ground floor. Through the pane of glass in the door of the classroom, we could just make out three white forms in the far corner, for a light burning outside the building lit the room dimly.

"Do you suppose we can get in?" one of my roommates asked.

"The door's locked," I said, in panic.

"How do you know?" He tried the knob and the door opened. We stepped inside. The whiteness of the sheets seemed to draw us to them, and we found ourselves standing beside the covered bodies.

"Don't!" I whispered as one of the other boys reached out his hand, but he paid no attention to me and drew back the sheet from the head of the nearest body. The face, which we could see only faintly, looked crushed.

Then terror took hold of us. We ran out the door, closed it, and raced upstairs. When my roommates and I were in our beds again, we said little to each other. If it was not that night, it was only a few nights later that I dreamed for the first time of a man coming toward me, hands outstretched. It was a dream that came back night after night. He always came toward me thus, and only when he murmured something in Chinese would I notice that he had patches of red clay over his eyes, and be shaken by fear and tenderness.

—JOHN J. ESPEY

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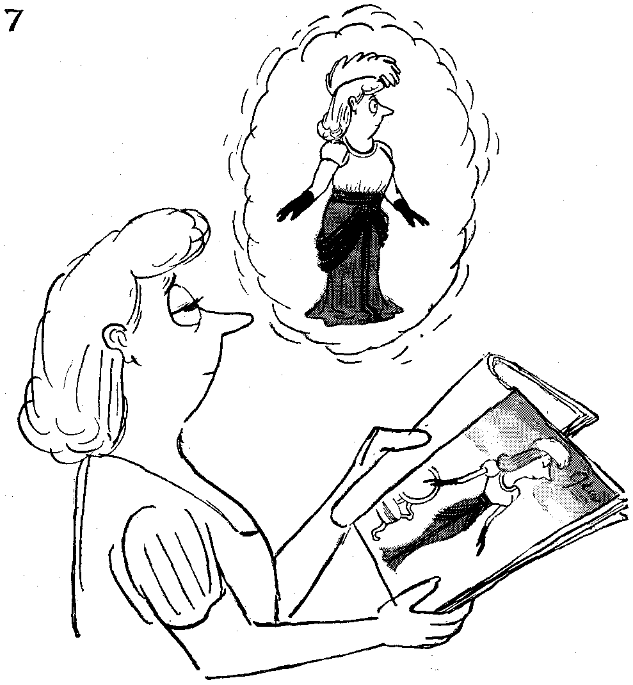

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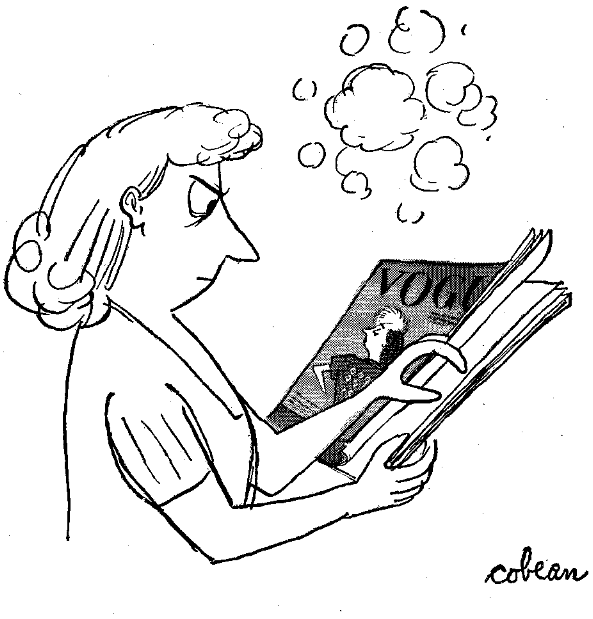
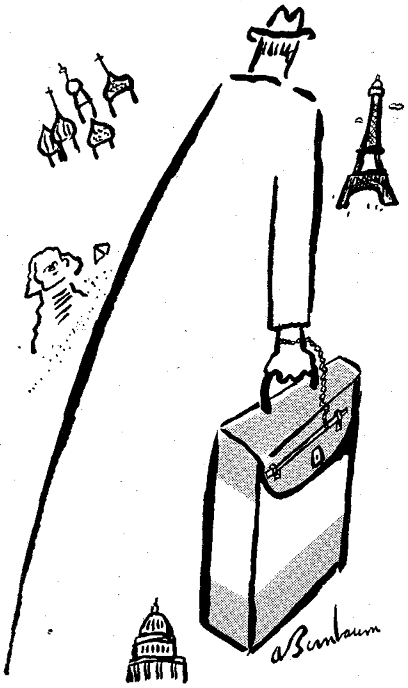




PROFILES

THE HAND ON THE POUCH

TWO or three years ago, a man who in this article will be called William O'Rourke used to have a trick with which he'd amuse himself whenever he chanced to meet one or another of his boyhood friends from Toledo and the friend asked him where he had been lately. He would always reply, "I've been in Basra, Calcutta, Karachi, Kabul, Khartoum, Kisumu, Lindi, Brazzaville, Antofagasta, Loanda, Asmara, Angra do Heroismo, Guatemala City, Astrakhan, and Ankara lately. Where've *you* been?" The gag (which he would sometimes explain, for there was no great secret about his occupation) was that he was a United States Diplomatic Courier, carrying dispatches to and from Foreign Service stations abroad. He wouldn't like his name to appear in print, but that has nothing to do with a fear of foreign agents. He just doesn't want to be bothered out of office hours by the hundreds of young men who are eager to become couriers. O'Rourke is now detailed to a static job in Washington as a communications officer in the Foreign Service Administration, the Foreign Service being the core of the State Department. As such, he helps run a worldwide courier service. "The fact of the matter is, I like staying put," he says sometimes as he sits at the counter in a restaurant around the corner from the State Department, drinking beer. (In Basra, Karachi, and Kisumu, he had his beer standing up, but in Washington a local law compels him to drink it seated.) "A lot of fellows go into the courier service because they want to travel," he continues. "After a quarter of a million miles' fast travel, they don't even want to ride a streetcar. It's like a kid going to work in a candy store. He eats himself sick the first week and loses his taste for candy." O'Rourke, who is thirty-seven, is a wide-shouldered, comfortable-looking man in department-store clothing, usually unpressed. Since he settled down, he has begun to acquire a circumferential bulge, which he blames on the regularity of his Washington mealtimes. "There is nothing like eight thousand miles in five days to keep your weight down," he says. "You don't sleep or eat at regular hours. Regularity is very bad for the system."

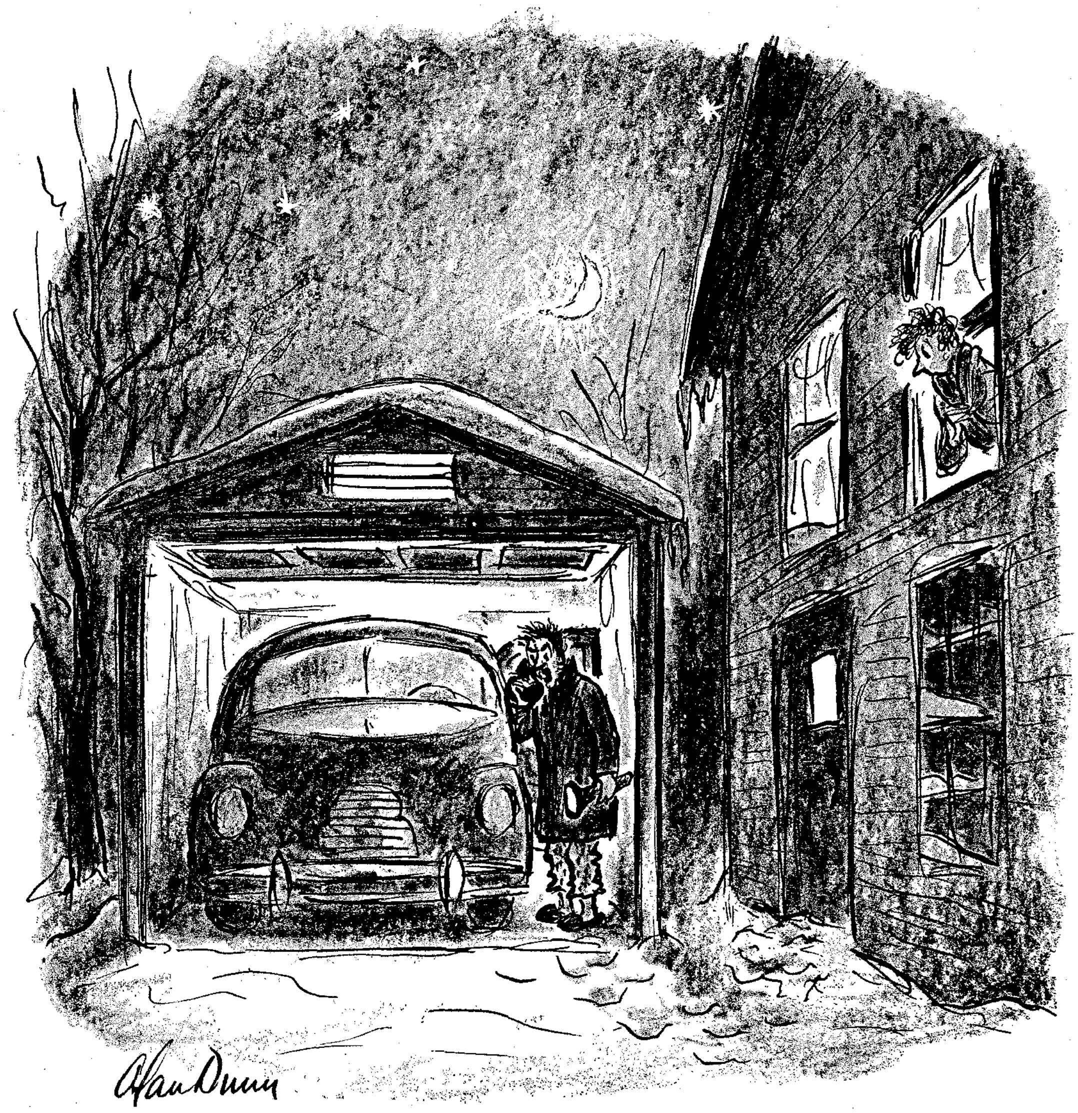
The courier service's headquarters is on one of the upper floors of the War Manpower Building, just down the street from the architectural horror that houses the Secretary of State and most of the State Department. The offices are crowded and unimpressive: three rooms opening into one another, filled with desks and filing cabinets dating from the Theodore Roosevelt administration and populated mainly by government girls as indistinguishable and interchangeable as the furniture. Only a couple of large maps of the world, hanging on the walls of one of the rooms, hint that the organization has any function extending beyond the District of Columbia. Lines of various colors have been drawn on the maps to indicate courier routes. These join Washington with all American missions abroad—a mission can be an Embassy, a Legation, or a temporary office with diplomatic status—and with consulates that happen to lie on the courier routes that run between the missions. The routes in current use total seventy-seven thousand miles. During the war, there were fewer posts to serve, since those in Axis territory were closed, but some of the routes were much longer because of the necessary detours. The seventy-five couriers now in service travel altogether around six and a half million miles a year. There is a wide disparity in the distances the couriers cover. The Cairo-Capetown man, for example, flies twenty-eight hundred miles before he makes his first delivery, at the consulate in Mombasa, Kenya, East Africa, which serves American interests in Kenya Protectorate, the Seychelles and adjacent British islands, Tanganyika Territory, Zanzibar, and the island of Mauritius. He has a lot of time in which to catch up on his reading. In western Europe, some couriers can make several calls, all within a hundred miles of one another, in one day. Now that the war has ended, the network is once again on a routine basis and can be covered systematically, and O'Rourke gets about as excited over it as a train dispatcher does over a timetable. He still suffers from an occupational neurosis of couriers, however. Every so often, asleep in his Washington flat, he has a nightmare in which he dreams that he is still a courier and that his pouch, containing top-secret State Department items, is missing. He awakes in terror, reaches for the pouch, and has another bad minute or two before he remembers that he is no longer a courier and that he has no important documents in his custody.

As in the Army, material in the State Department is classified, in descending order of importance, as top secret, secret, confidential, restricted, and unrestricted. Not all top secrets are messages. They may be code books or small bits of radar equipment. Such objects, and all secret documents that do not require instant transmission, are delivered by courier. In the case of certain messages, speed is more important than complete security, and these go by wireless or cable. Top-secret and secret items must, according to regulations, always be in "safe-hand" custody when they are in transit between offices of the Foreign Service. This means that the material must be in sealed containers that remain continuously within the physical control of the bearer and that can be handled by him in any sort of contingency—getting over a ship's side into a small boat, for example. Thus a courier can take no more than fifty or fifty-five pounds of such material with him. The sealed containers are packed in a leather or canvas bag, or pouch. Items in categories lower than secret are packed in bags, too, and the courier is supposed to keep them within sight, if not within reach. Frequently a courier also has in his charge half a dozen sacks of more commonplace stuff—personal mail, and articles for members of the mission staffs. He tries to maintain physical contact with the safe-hand bag, his primary responsibility. In a train or plane, he often has it chained to one wrist, and he usually undoes the chain only when dressing, undressing, or eating. While he dines, he places it against his leg or right on his table. If he arrives at a Foreign Service station in time to "overnight" (courier for "sleep there"), he deposits the bag in the safe. If he spends the night somewhere between stations, he takes the bag to bed with him. Once, at the Washington beer counter, O'Rourke discovered that the man on the next stool was an amateur psychoanalyst and told him about the recurrent dream. The man said it was the result of a guilt complex caused by O'Rourke's repressed wish to lose the bag. O'Rourke is still trying to figure that one out.

Couriers carry no arms. They are provided with a document known as a "courier letter," which identifies them, and a passport bearing all the necessary visas, which they keep up-to-date. All world powers have courier services and, except when they are at war with each other, exchange courier courtesies. O'Rourke says that even when he was travelling in neutral countries during the war, he never worried about being attacked by Axis agents. "Your best protection is that you make your runs regularly and that nobody outside the Department knows what you have in your bag on any given trip," he says. "You usually don't know yourself, either. But every courier likes to think he's got something hot in his pouch—a sort of Message to Garcia psychology. Makes you feel like a romantic character. Without that, the job would get to be a bore before it does get to be a bore anyway. There's a big turnover. The starting salary now is twenty-five hundred and twenty dollars, and if you stick at it long enough, you can get up to thirty-nine sixty. That's not much pay, considering the meals you miss and all the time you spend sitting in planes reading detective stories or just wondering what the hell you're doing. Still, there are always hundreds of young fellows who think it would be fascinating."

DURING the war years, there was a bit more to the job, O'Rourke concedes. Routes were so disorganized and transportation so uncertain that a courier often had to beat his own way. The trip he likes best to remember—the high point of his life, in fact—began in April, 1942, when his boss, the head of the courier service, told him that he would have to carry a message to the American Embassy in Kuibyshev, on the Volga, where the Soviet government was then established, having left Moscow because the Germans had come so close. "It was an important message," O'Rourke says. "That was one time when I knew what it was, because I had to memorize it, in case I lost the original. The State Department was in a hurry. I didn't even have formal travel orders or a Russian visa—I was told to get the visa at the Russian Embassy in Teheran, which was on the way. I had my courier letter, of course."

O'Rourke generally drinks two bottles of beer while he is telling this story. "As usual in those days, nobody knew just how I was going to get there," he says. "The Germans were pushing farther east right along and we didn't know how far they'd have got by the time I entered Russia, so nobody could even lay out a route for me after Teheran. This was the first time I had ever been out of the Western Hemisphere. My only previous courier experience had been a few runs down in South America, where you travelled on commercial airlines and things went like clockwork. The first part of this trip was all right—by the Pan-American Clipper service, which was then operating on that route for the government, from here to Trinidad, Natal in Brazil, Freetown in Sierra Leone, and Lagos in Nigeria, and then by land plane across Africa to Khartoum, and then up to Cairo. I made Cairo in six and a half days out of Washington, which was good. I left mail for the American Legation at Cairo and took the stuff they had for Teheran and Kuibyshev. Then I was hung up for two days before I could get on a British plane for Teheran. Teheran was where the uncertainty began. When I arrived there, the fellows at the American Legation got me my Russian visa and then



"No, it isn't! You have the wrong number."

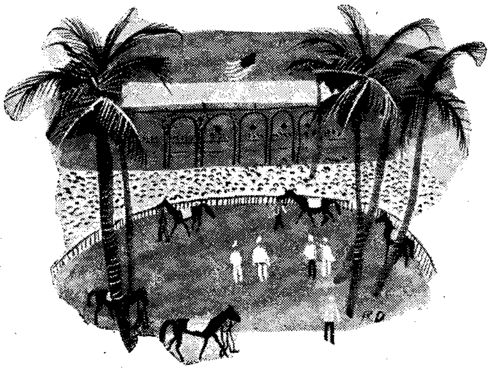
scouted around for some means of getting me to Kuibyshev.

"After about three days, someone heard that a Russian military plane was flying to Astrakhan, on the north shore of the Caspian, at the mouth of the Volga. A Legation car took me out to the Russian airfield early in the morning. I had a hell of a lot of bags besides the safe-hand one. You see, there was no normal mail service then. Everything for the missions, from vitamin pills to portable typewriters, had to go by courier, and there had been no courier through to Russia for weeks, so everything addressed to the Embassy there had been piling up at Teheran. I had been studying Russian on the planes all the way from Washington, and by that time I had a few words to try on the boys, but nobody seemed to understand them. My driver couldn't speak effective Russian either, so when we got out to this airfield, at first we couldn't find anybody to answer our questions. Then I found an American sergeant of a bomber crew that had flown in the afternoon before on a new A-20 to deliver to the Russian Air Force. The Russians were to fly it the rest of the way from Teheran. The sergeant had to get something he had left in his plane, and he didn't have the key. He and I searched all over the place for the officer in charge of the airport, and in trying to explain the sergeant's troubles, in high-school German and college French, I made a sort of contact with a Russian who could also speak a little of each. This Russian told me about a plane that was going to take off soon. He didn't say where it was going, but when I said, 'Astrakhan? Astrakhan?,' he didn't absolutely deny it.

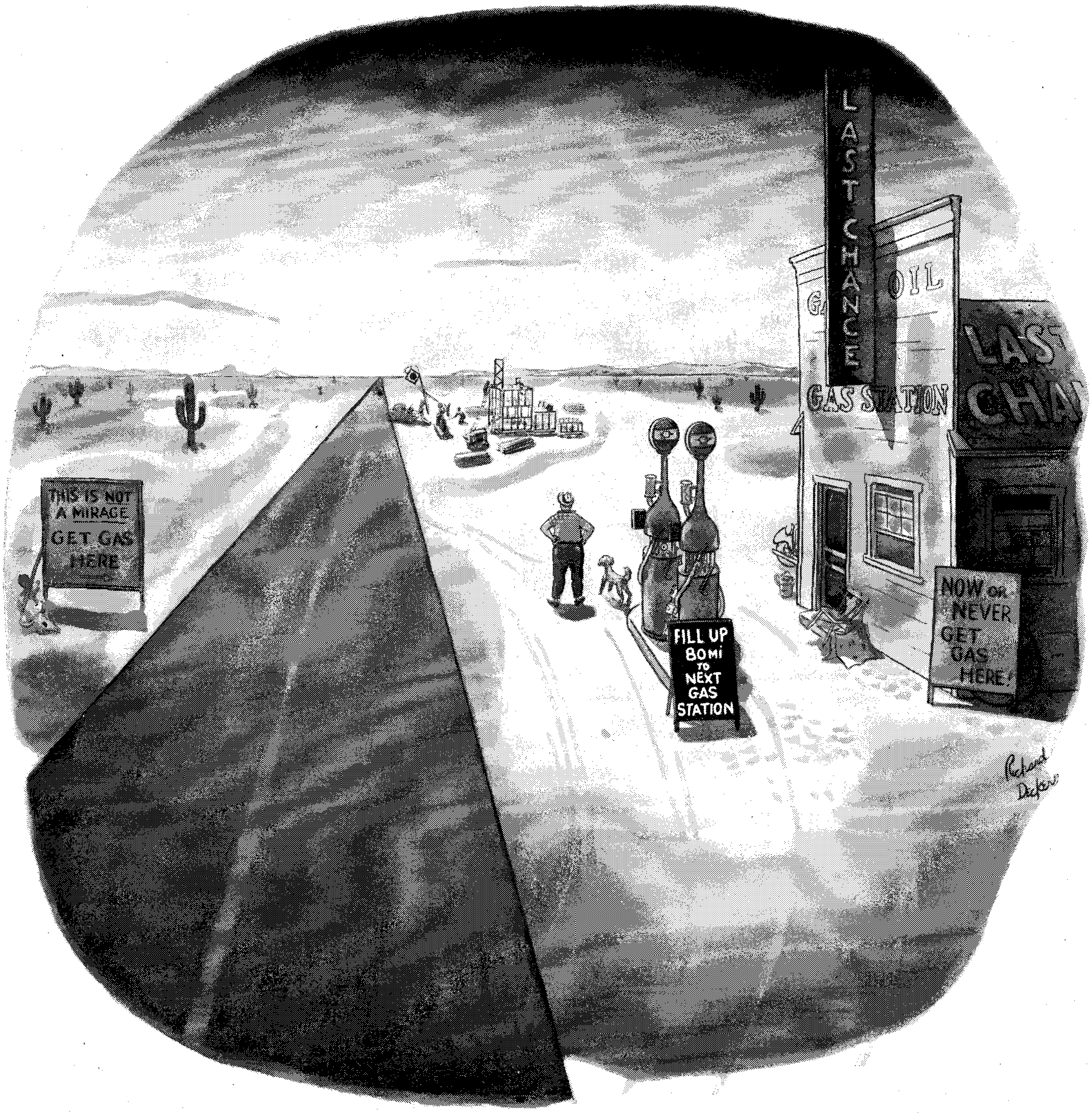
"I went to look at the plane. It was an old twin-engined military plane of a kind I had never seen before, and there was a three-man Russian crew. Nevertheless, the chauffeur and I put the bags aboard. The fliers apparently spoke nothing but Russian, and they didn't understand what I was saying. We took off and flew for a couple of hours and then came down. I knew we weren't in Astrakhan, because the time was too short, and also we hadn't crossed the Caspian Sea. When we landed, the pilot waved his hands as if to indicate the flight was over. 'Baku!' he said. 'Baku!' I got out, carrying my safe-hand pouch and leaving the rest of the bags in the plane, and walked around until I found a Russian Army officer who knew German. He went off to talk to my pilot and then came back and said the plane was in no condition to continue. He didn't know when it was going on to Astrakhan, if ever. Baku is on the southwest shore of the Caspian, the one nearest Persia. It's at least four hundred miles south of Astrakhan. The officer told somebody to phone into the city, where there was an Intourist hotel, and in about half an hour they sent out an automobile for me. With the driver, there was an Intourist man who spoke English. They got all my bags into the car and drove me into town, where they practically X-rayed my courier letter, but it was O.K. The next trouble I had was no money. No rubles are ever allowed out of the Soviet Union, so naturally I had none on me, but I had had the Legation wire ruble credits ahead to both Astrakhan and Baku for me. Until I had learned about the plane to Astrakhan, it had looked as if I might have to go to Baku by automobile and boat. The only trouble now was that the hotel manager said no money had arrived for anybody named O'Rourke. There was a stack of telegrams on his desk and I began leafing through them. I saw one with some figures in it that seemed to be addressed to someone named Rook. I decided it was probably meant for me and the name had got balled up in transmission. He said it was money from the American Legation at Teheran all right, and I talked him into letting me have it. If any courier named Rook came along after me, he is still sitting in the Baku Intourist.

"The hotel manager said that he didn't know of any planes leaving in the direction of Kuibyshev but that there was a train starting for Moscow that night. I thought quick and figured that if I could once get to Moscow, I could get from there to Kuibyshev somehow. I knew that a skeleton staff had stayed on at the American Embassy in Moscow after the Ambassador had followed the Soviet government to the war capital, and they must have some kind of service between the two cities. So I decided to take a chance. I had no idea how the war was going, but I figured that if a train was leaving for Moscow, the Germans couldn't be there yet. By this time, the hotel manager was on my side. That was the era of good feeling, and he had decided that an American courier was pretty hot stuff. So he went out and got me a compartment on the train. It was a regular Wagon-Lits stateroom, with two berths. Meanwhile, I went out and bought myself provisions for the trip. I bought a great big loaf of black bread and some tea and cheese and sausages.

"In the evening, I went down and got aboard the train with all my bags. I put some of the bags on the floor and filled up the lower berth with the others. You never want to put the bags in the upper berth and sleep in the lower, because their weight may break the berth down and crush you. The bags reached up to the level of the upper berth. I had just enough room to scramble up to it. When a courier travels in an ordinary six-seater day compartment, the bags sometimes fill all the space between seats, so he finds himself sitting cross-legged on a kind of dais. When I got into bed, I was pretty comfortable. I put a candle on top of the bags and lit it and stretched out in my upper berth and read a Russian grammar. It is always a good idea to carry candles.



"Hours went by and finally, after daybreak, the train began to move. I slid down from my perch and went into the corridor outside the compartment and stood looking out the window, like everybody else. When we got out in the country, I could see kids waving at the train, just the way they do at home. This had been a first-class train before the war—also, probably, before the other war. There was a sleeping-car attendant, who had a samovar at one end of the car, and I would take him tea and he would brew it for me whenever I wanted. Black bread and cheese and sausage make a very good diet. We went so slowly I had plenty of chance to study Russian. I had a folding National Geographic Society map of the world in my inside pocket, so I could spread it out on the bags and locate the major towns we passed through. I was six days and six nights on that train and I was very comfortable. The distance is twelve hundred air miles; by the route we took, fifteen hundred miles. Sometimes the train would run for a long time at about ten miles an hour, and then it would stop for just as long, for no reason that I could dope out. Then it might go twenty miles an hour for half an hour and stop again. While I was still in Teheran, I had heard that


LAST CHANCE
GAS OIL
GAS STATION
LAST CHA
THIS IS NOT A MIRAGE GET GAS HERE
NOW OR NEVER GET GAS HERE!
FILL UP 80 MI TO NEXT GAS STATION

• •

the Germans were approaching Rostov for the second time in the war—the Russians had recaptured it after the first occupation—and that was only a couple of hundred miles west of our route. I wondered sometimes, during those halts, if they had come far enough east yet to cut the rail line, and whether, if they had, the train would turn back or just stay there.

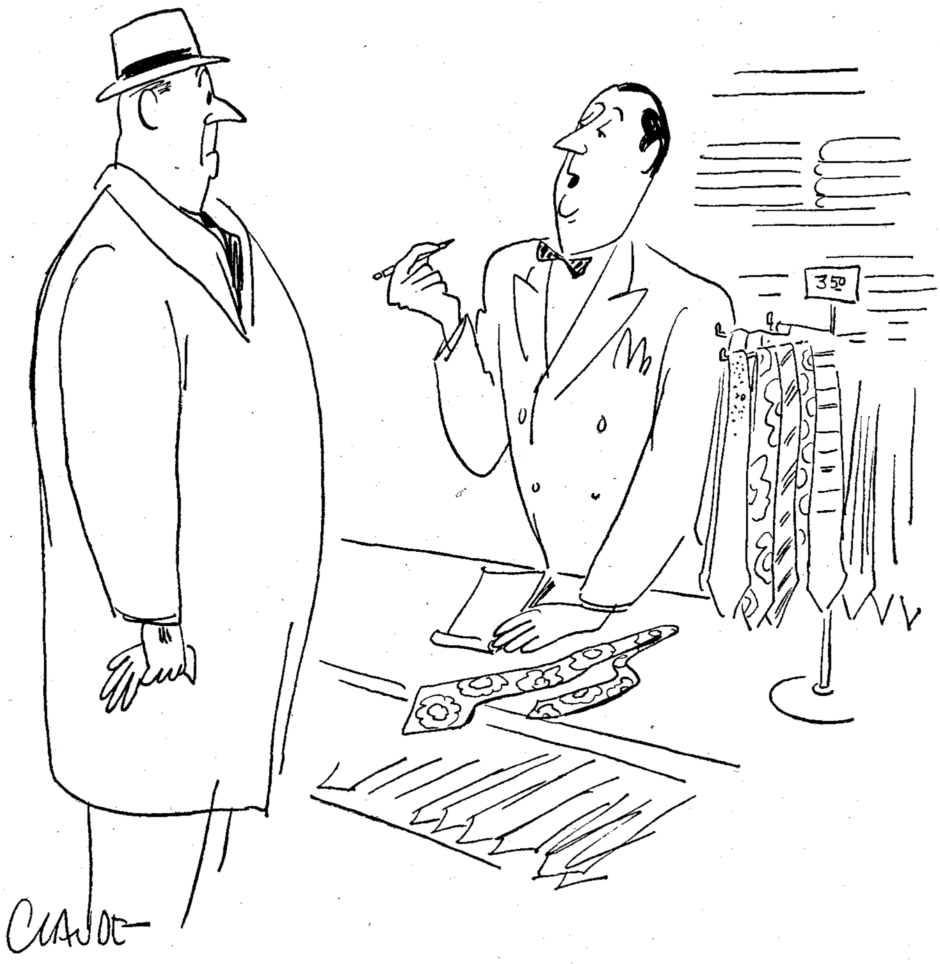
"Passengers would stand out in the corridor to stretch their legs and break the monotony, and gradually I got to know the ones aboard who could talk a bit of French or German. One man knew some English, besides speaking German well, and he and I began to give each other language lessons. We got very friendly. He was a civil engineer and very curious about the way Americans did everything; there wasn't much I could tell him about the United States that he hadn't read about already. He liked our cigarettes, of which I had a fair supply, and once I gave him a little tin of pipe tobacco, which he loved best of all. One day he said to me, 'At what age do children in America begin to use the typewriter?' I said that the ones who wanted to learn typing generally began in high school, when they were about fourteen. 'Oh, no,' he said. 'I *know* that in America children are taught to type before they learn to write with a pencil. I have read this in a Soviet pedagogical magazine.' I could see I had lost his confidence. 'I wanted only to know at what age,' he said. 'Five? Six? Seven?' I argued with him, but he insisted that he had seen photographs of the kids on their way to school carrying little typewriters.

"One night, while I was reading, a rat gnawed through the zipper bag I kept my provisions in and ate some bread. I got so mad I threw my knife at him, but I missed and he ran away. I cut away the part of the loaf he had been working on. The rest was all right. Another time, during one of those long halts, I was in the corridor with my safe-hand bag and turned in time to see a hand appear through the outside window at the other side of my compartment. It was on the end of a long, skinny arm, and it moved around as if the guy outside was feeling for something to grab. I scrambled over the bags and grabbed at the hand, but I missed it, just like the rat. The hand disappeared, and when I lay on my belly on the bags and looked through the window, I saw a shabby fellow scuttling down the platform. He was just an ordinary hungry thief, I guess.

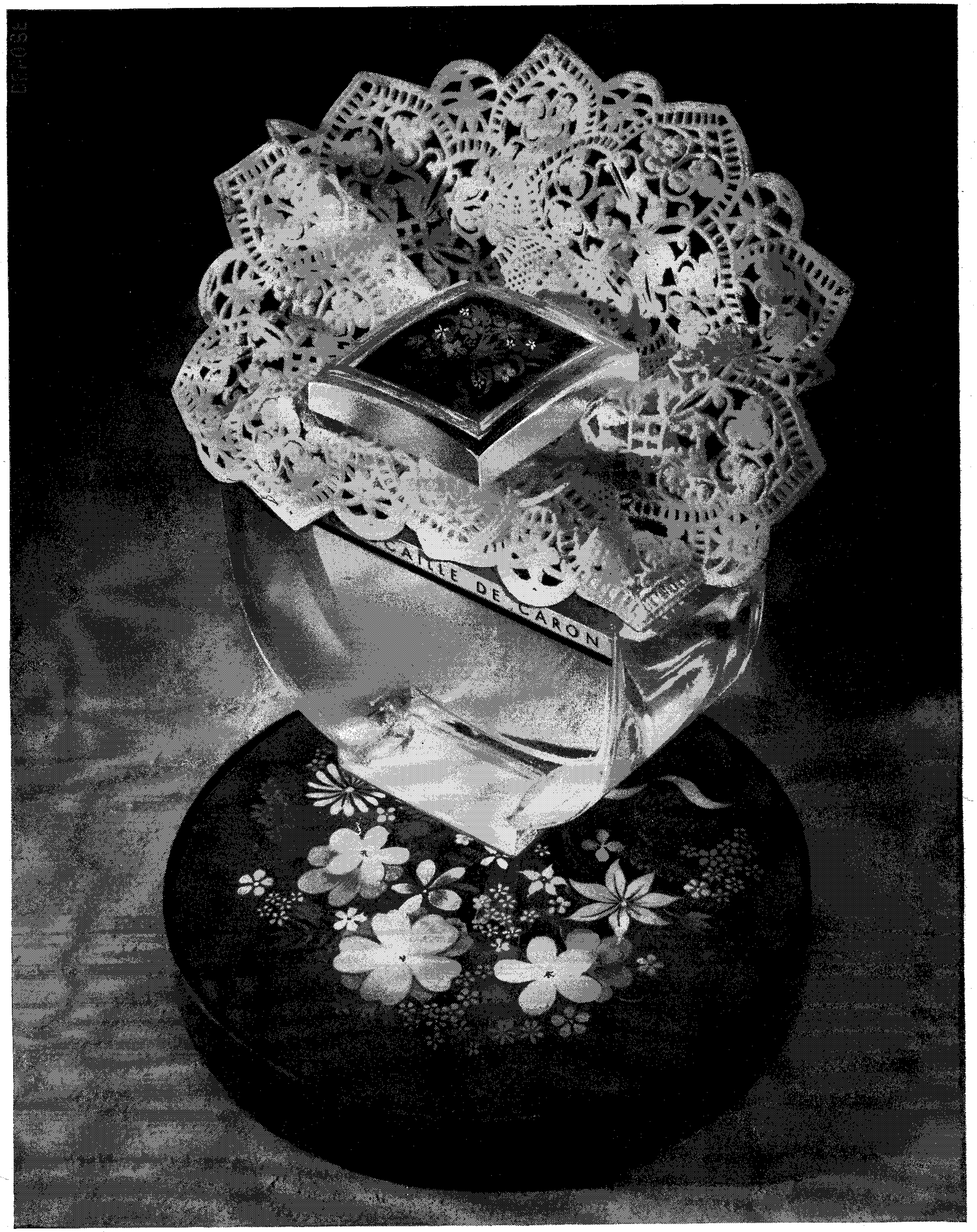
"We hit Moscow at 2 A.M. the seventh day out of Baku. The station was completely blacked out and the military police wouldn't allow anybody to leave, because they had a curfew in the city from dark to seven in the morning. But then they let me telephone to the Embassy and an automobile came down to the railroad station to get me. We loaded all my bags in it and drove to the Embassy building. By luck, the Foreign Service officer who was to receive my important message was there; he had come up from Kuibyshev a couple of days before. I turned over my message to him. After I'd given the rest of the stuff to the Moscow boys for safekeeping, they drove me to the Metropole Hotel and I cleaned up and went to bed. I hung around Moscow for a couple of days waiting for a train. And then, at last, I went on by rail to Kuibyshev. I reached the Embassy in Kuibyshev exactly twenty-six days after leaving Washington. That was a lot faster than my boss had expected me to make it, he told me afterward."

It is at this point that O'Rourke starts on his second bottle of beer. "At Kuibyshev," he says, "I delivered the bulk of my mail and got almost as much to take out with me. There were no planes or trains going south at the moment, so the Embassy got me on a river steamer going down the Volga to Astrakhan, where they hoped I would be able to hop something in the direction of Teheran. All my travelling was simplified now, because I had an N.K.V.D. man tailing me. The N.K.V.D. people, the secret police, are your best travel aids in Russia. If you are driving along the road in an automobile, for instance, and she gets stuck in a rut, all you have to do is sit still and wait. Your sleuth will come along in a more powerful car and tow you out. After all, he has to see that you get places, or else he can't follow you. Also, wherever you go, the language problem is solved; the N.K.V.D. man will explain who you are and what you need. On this steamer, there were a lot of soldiers, returning from leave, I suppose, and for a while I watched them playing dominoes, which appeared to excite them as much as craps would us. The rules seemed to be the same as the ones I remembered from when I was a kid, and by this time I knew a few really useful words of Russian, so I sat in with them. They would let me get ahead until I nearly had the game won, and then—bang!—they would win in a couple of turns. It was no kid game to them.

"When we got to Astrakhan, the N.K.V.D. man soon found there were no planes going to Teheran or even Baku, but a steamer was leaving for Baku almost immediately, carrying refugees and wounded soldiers. The soldiers were on their way to hospitals in Baku. The refugees were people driven from their homes by the new German advance. There were so many that they could not all be taken care of on the north shore of the Caspian. The ship was an old, rusty freighter of about a thousand tons. I was taken aboard with my courier bags and my N.K.V.D. man before she began to load refugees. The N.K.V.D. man and I kept up the polite pretense that I thought he was just a helpful civilian who always happened to be going the same place I was. He got me what I later found was luxury accommodation on that ship—the right to sleep on a wooden bench in the captain's quarters. My bags were stowed all around me. An hour or so after we got aboard, they started to load. The refugees had been standing on the dock, jammed so close together they just had room to sit down on their baggage, when they had any. For all I know, they had been waiting to go aboard for a couple of days before I arrived. They were peasants and white-collar people all mixed together, with a big majority of old folks, mothers, and children. The younger people were away in the Army and war factories. There were ladders leading down into the holds at each of the ship's hatches, which were open. As the refugees came aboard, sailors herded them to the hatches and down the ladders, helping the women with the kids when there were too many for the mother to



"Now is there anything else, sir—a shirt to go with the tie, perhaps? Handkerchiefs? Socks? Shorts? Undershirts? Pajamas? Cuff links? Belt? Suspenders? Slacks? Suit? Sport coat? Hat? Shoes? Slippers? Galoshes? Scarf? Sweater? New top coat? Riding breeches? Boots? Crop? . . ."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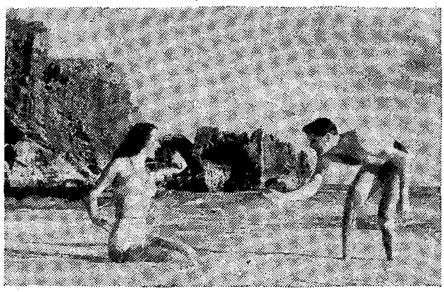

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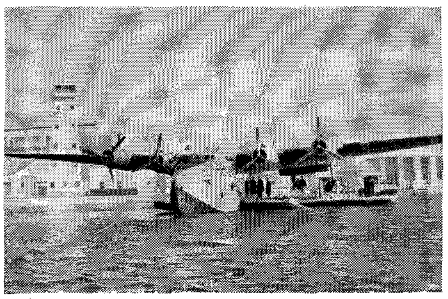

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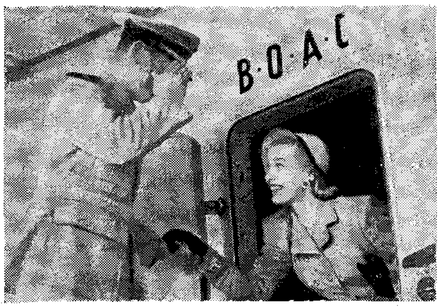

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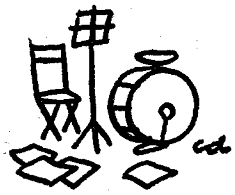
handle. When all the space below was filled, no more refugees were allowed to come aboard and the sailors closed the hatches. It gets rough on the Caspian sometimes and waves wash over the decks, so they couldn't leave the hatches open. There were still several hundred refugees on the dock when the captain gave the order to take no more. They didn't argue; they just stood there.

"Then medics began to carry wounded soldiers aboard. There were no walking wounded, but some of them could sit upright when propped against a rail or a ventilator. The medics covered every inch of deck space with the wounded, laying some out flat and propping others up, sometimes against parts of the ship and sometimes just against each other. They filled the lifeboats with wounded, too, and pulled tarpaulins over them. When the topside was so covered that you couldn't see the planking anywhere, the medics went ashore. The captain of the ship gave a signal, his men pulled in the gangplanks, and the ship cast off.



"There was no attempt to feed the wounded. How could they have cooked for them on a ship that crowded? And besides, you couldn't get around among them without stepping on them. They lay out there in rain and cold and spray, wrapped in their overcoats. If a wounded man had strength enough, he would take a dried herring or an onion or a piece of black bread from an inside pocket of his coat and eat it. If a soldier had both arms bandaged, the man next to him would put food in his mouth. A few had cigarettes and matches, and they would give each other lights. They never squawked. We were at sea for three days and two nights, and how many died I don't know. Once, when the ship lurched, I saw a wounded man who had been sitting on the rail with his back to the sea lose his balance and fall into the water. He had been set down there because there was no other space—like a man hanging onto the outside of an old open trolley car. A few sailors scurried around and made passes at the lifeboats, but the gear was so old and fouled up that they couldn't do anything, and besides, the boats were full of wounded. While they palavered, the ship continued on its course.

"In the captain's cabin, the N.K.V.D. man and I were at least warm, and we got some of the cabbage soup the cook made for the captain. It was good. I had some old copies of American magazines that a fellow in the Embassy at Kuibyshev had given me to take along for reading. One had an article on Russia in it that was illustrated by photographs, and there was a great big picture of Stalin on the front cover. My man naturally was very curious about what kind of pictures Americans had made of Russia, but he was afraid to look at a foreign magazine, because somebody might see him and turn him in. I used to leave it on the table and let him understand that I was going on deck for a breath of air. When I came back, the magazine would still be on the table, and he would be standing nearby looking uninterested. But a couple of times it was at a different place from where I had left it.

"When we finally got to Baku, on the evening of the third day, the N.K.V.D. man got a fellow with a lend-lease jeep to take me and the bags over to the Intourist hotel. The manager greeted me as if I was a steady customer. 'I remember you when you passed through here last time,' he said. But he was as discouraging as before when I asked him how chances were for a lift to Teheran. 'Still no planes,' he said. Since there was nothing to do about it at the moment and I was stinking dirty, I decided to take a bath. I was in the tub and all soaped up when the manager came banging at the door and said there was an American plane leaving the airport in an hour for Teheran. It takes a full hour to get to the airport from the Baku Intourist. I scrambled out of the tub, got my junk together, praying I would make it, dressed, stood cursing for half an hour in front of the hotel waiting for the Intourist car, and got out to the airport in an hour and forty minutes. After that, I had to wait only four hours for the plane to take off. Airport information is always like that. It was a big survey plane, with technicians aboard plotting an alternate air route to and from Russia. They were glad to give me a lift back to Teheran and the Legation."

WHEN O'Rourke got to Cairo, he received orders that kept him in the Middle East until late in the summer of 1944, at which time he went to Paris and helped get the European courier service back on its feet again. For a while, he and a colleague conducted an unusual service, working out of Basra, in Iraq. The weekly couriers bound from Cairo to Teheran would drop mail for India at Basra, and O'Rourke or his partner would make the best hitchhike arrangement he could, on either a military or a commercial

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plane, to fly it over to Karachi, where the consul would see to moving it on. While one of the couriers was looking for an R.A.F. plane or an American lend-leaser bound for India, his partner would be trying to get back from India in time to meet the next Cairo-Teheran man. For several weeks, they never once managed to meet.

That kind of irregular and picturesque life was quite a change from State Department routine for O'Rourke. For ten years, he had been just one of the thousands of Civil Service white-collar workers in Washington. He had entered the Department in 1931 as an assistant archives clerk after taking a Civil Service examination in his native Toledo, following one year of college. He worked himself up to where he was put in charge of the State Department educational exhibit at one of the world's fairs, and by attending night courses for eight years he got a law degree at a Washington university. When the war broke out and postal service throughout much of the world began to collapse, a courier service had to be quickly improvised, practically from nothing, like the American Army, and any State Department employee who was fairly husky and agile and was considered by his superiors to have a little initiative had a chance to see the world. O'Rourke was tapped for courier duty early in 1941.

The State Department has employed couriers almost continuously since its beginning, but most of the time their number has been exceedingly limited. There was no dependable international postal service until the middle of the nineteenth century, and until then our government relied on its own messengers, augmented by free-lances. Americans travelling to Europe were often appointed couriers, equipped with the proper letter, and paid a fee for carrying dispatches. Courier service was all but abandoned after the Civil War, when the mails became more dependable. Even the use of cables was regarded as an extravagance by the Department. Our interests were so remote from those of European powers in those days that secrecy was not considered essential, as indeed it probably wasn't, since most messages seem to have pertained to repairing leaky ceilings of consulates. There was a sudden revival of courier activity during the first World War, and then the service was allowed to languish again. After the crash, the Hoover administration discontinued it, probably in an effort to redress the national financial situation. There was a

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slight resumption of the service early in the Franklin Roosevelt era, but only three couriers were employed regularly when the second World War began.

IN the early forties, there was some fun in being a courier, O'Rourke likes to say. Now the service is almost painfully well organized. A series of typewritten timetables, tacked up on the walls of the Washington office, enables O'Rourke and his colleagues to figure where every courier in the world is at practically any hour of any day, barring last-minute cancellations of flights and the like. O'Rourke can tell you, after a glance, that a man has just taken off from the field at Jidda, in Saudi Arabia, for Asmara, in Eritrea, or that another is about to land at Guatemala City on his way north from Salvador.

Today the courier service has five operating divisions, each of which has two supervisors who control the movements of the couriers. The Western Hemisphere Division, which has its headquarters at Miami, serves all Latin America. Seven couriers are assigned to this base. The Middle East base, which is naturally far less important than it was during the war, is at Cairo, and eighteen couriers work out of it. The Far Eastern base at Shanghai, which serves missions in Asia and the Pacific, is a postwar development. It has eighteen couriers. The European base, at Paris, was established shortly after the liberation of France. It is now the busiest of all, with twenty-two couriers. There is also the Transatlantic Division, with headquarters at Washington. Its main job is to get the diplomatic mail to the Paris and Cairo bases, from which it is distributed. It also serves our missions in Canada and West Africa directly, since these are more easily reached by air from there than from any of the other bases. There are ten couriers on this base. All told, the courier service cost about a million dollars last year, and the Department spent an additional four million on commercial wireless and cable messages.

"You take a courier on the European base at Paris now," O'Rourke says, "and what excitement has he got? Let's say he leaves Paris by the Monday-night train for Brussels. He knows where the train is going, and it leaves on time. He has a Wagon-Lits compartment. When he gets to Brussels in the morning, he is met by a chauffeur with an Embassy automobile. He takes his bags to the mission and they take out the small, individual pouches with mail addressed to them and put in stuff they want to send up the line. He has breakfast at the Embassy and gets into another automobile, with a driver, at nine o'clock. He drives to Antwerp, delivers mail at the Consulate General there, drives on to Rotterdam, where there is another Consulate General, and then to the Embassy at The Hague. That same evening, he drives back to Brussels and spends the night there, and next morning, Wednesday, he drives to our Legation in Luxembourg and gets back in time to catch the night train to Paris, where he arrives Thursday morning. He has a day off in Paris. Then he takes the night train to Bern, where he arrives Friday noon. By Sunday, he is back in Paris, and then he has a couple of days off, during which he probably spends some time at the Soviet Embassy making sure he will have a visa for his next trip to Russia. A courier has to have a Russian visa for each trip in and each trip out. He also has to have a new courier letter for each Russian trip. The Russians keep the letter for their files. Then on Thursday he takes an Army plane to Berlin. He delivers and picks up mail there, and then flies to Moscow, arriving Saturday night. He stays two nights there and on Monday starts back to Berlin. Things don't always go smoothly—maybe he is downed by weather at Minsk, and he gets in another plane and that is forced down at Königsberg—but on the third try he makes Berlin and then Paris, and nothing has happened to give him a kick.

"Well, say he gets to Paris around Thursday. On Friday he takes the night train for the Spanish border. The train stops at Bordeaux in the night and a man from the Consulate there is waiting on the platform to receive mail and give him any stuff going south. The courier goes through the French and Spanish customs at Hendaye Saturday morning, gets on another express train at Irún, on the Spanish side, drops more mail when the train stops at San Sebastián, where there is a consulate, a few minutes later, and hits Madrid Sunday, where he overnights. Monday, he flies by a Spanish commercial airline to Lisbon and takes a train back to Madrid that night, arriving at noon Tuesday. That same afternoon, he hops another Spanish plane to Tangier. On Wednesday, he drives by automobile to Rabat, in Morocco, and on Thursday drives on to Casablanca. He then doubles back to Tangier and flies to Madrid again. He should be there by Saturday or Sunday to rendezvous with the southbound courier.

"Tuesday, he takes the train back to

San Sebastián, Bordeaux, and Paris, getting in Thursday. Then he may do a shuttle or two between Paris and London. Flying weather is so uncertain there that we use the train-and-boat service. Then he flies by Swedish commercial plane to Stockholm, and after trading mail there goes on by train to Oslo, from where he flies to Copenhagen by a British airline, and flies back to Stockholm. Next day, he does a shuttle air trip—Helsinki and back—and the day after that he flies down from Stockholm to Paris, where he has four days off."

O'Rourke pauses for a breath and continues, "All right, say the next thing he does after his holiday is get aboard the Arlberg Express to Vienna. From Vienna, he flies Army ships to Bucharest, Belgrade, Budapest, and back to Vienna again. That circuit ought to take him a week. There is no Army air service from Bucharest into Sofia, because the Russians won't permit it, so a letter from the mission at Bucharest to the mission at Sofia, or the other way, has to travel all around Europe to be delivered, although the distance by air between the two points is only two hundred miles. From Vienna, the courier takes a train up to Prague and another from Prague to Paris, delivering mail on the platform at Frankfurt en route. He gets back to Paris that afternoon and goes out at one o'clock in the morning on the night train to Marseille. After delivering mail at the Consulate General there, he gets on an Air France plane and flies to Algiers, where he overnights, and in the morning he flies to Tunis, then back to Marseille next day, and from Marseille goes by train back to Paris.

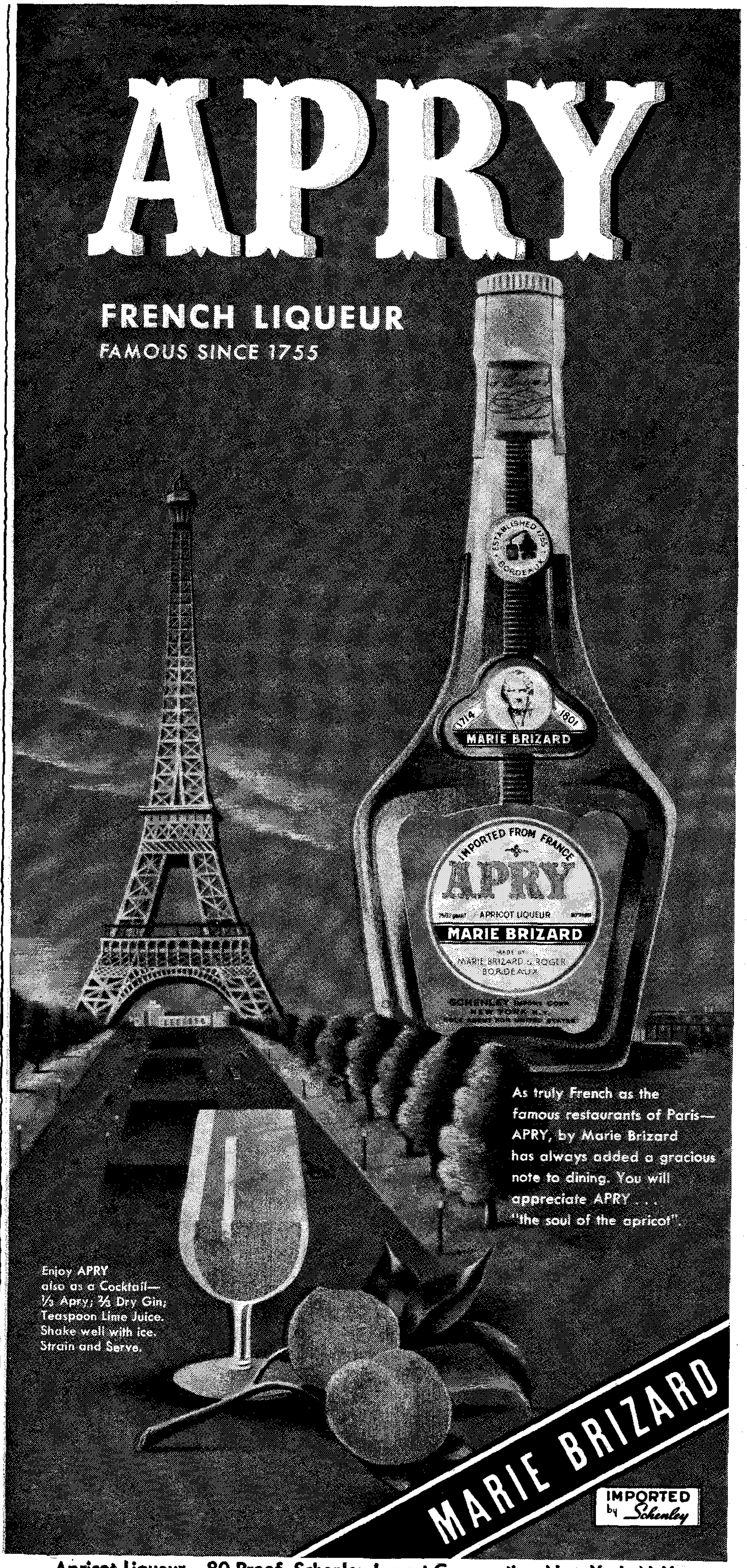
"A couple of days later, he takes a night train from Paris to Frankfurt. From Frankfurt, he flies to Berlin and stops over a couple of days. The weather has been getting colder and flying is uncertain, let's assume, so he takes a train to Moscow this time, even though it means spending three or four nights on the way. After two days at Moscow, he comes back to Berlin, and then he does a one-day air shuttle—Berlin-Warsaw, Warsaw-Berlin—and so back to Paris by train. After that, he has a week to himself and then he starts all over again. There you have it—cut and dried. I'll take the old days."

—A. J. Liebling

•

Cook—All-round experienced woman for small nervous hospital.—*Middlebury (Vt.) Register.*

Beds jump around any?



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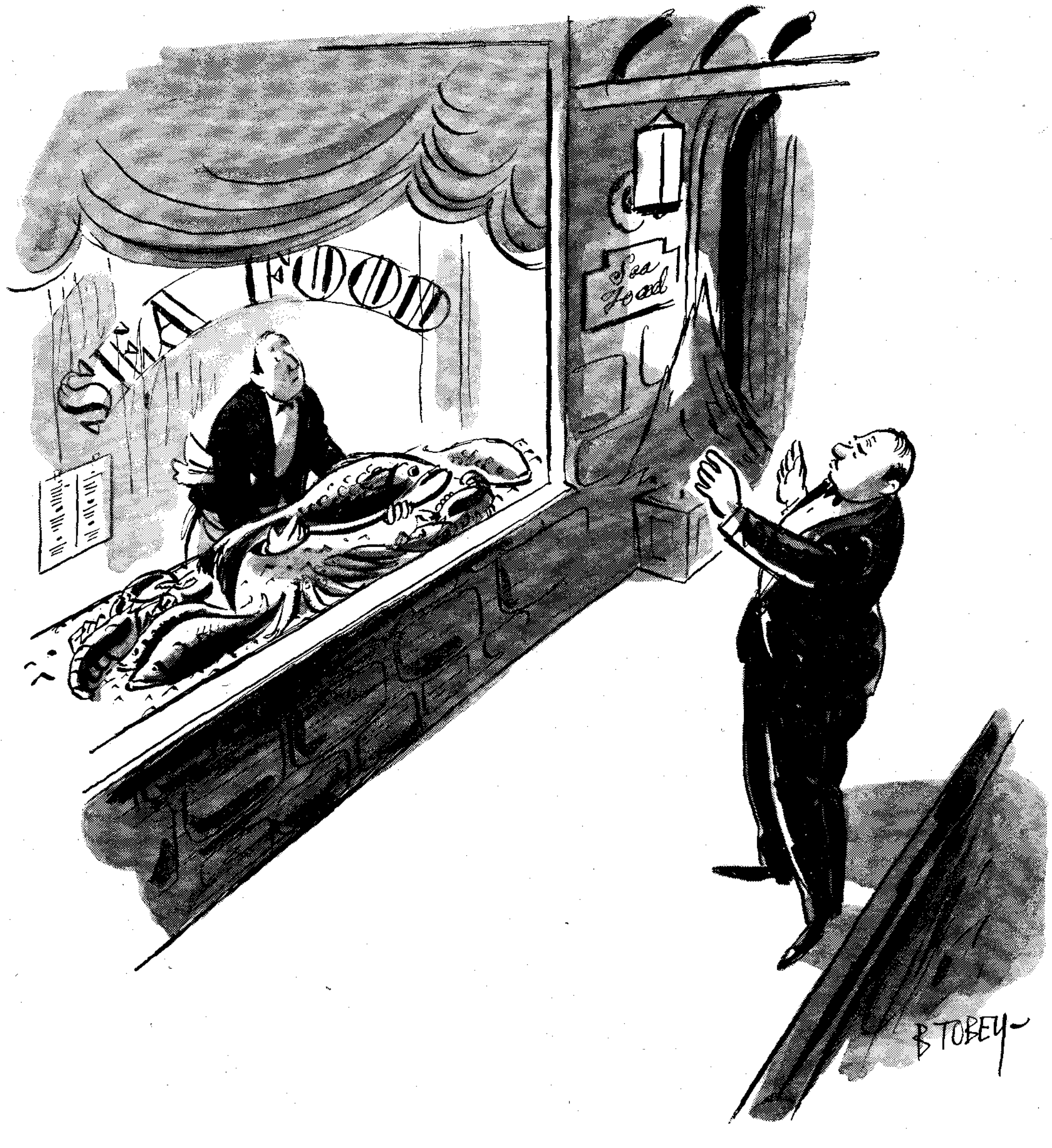
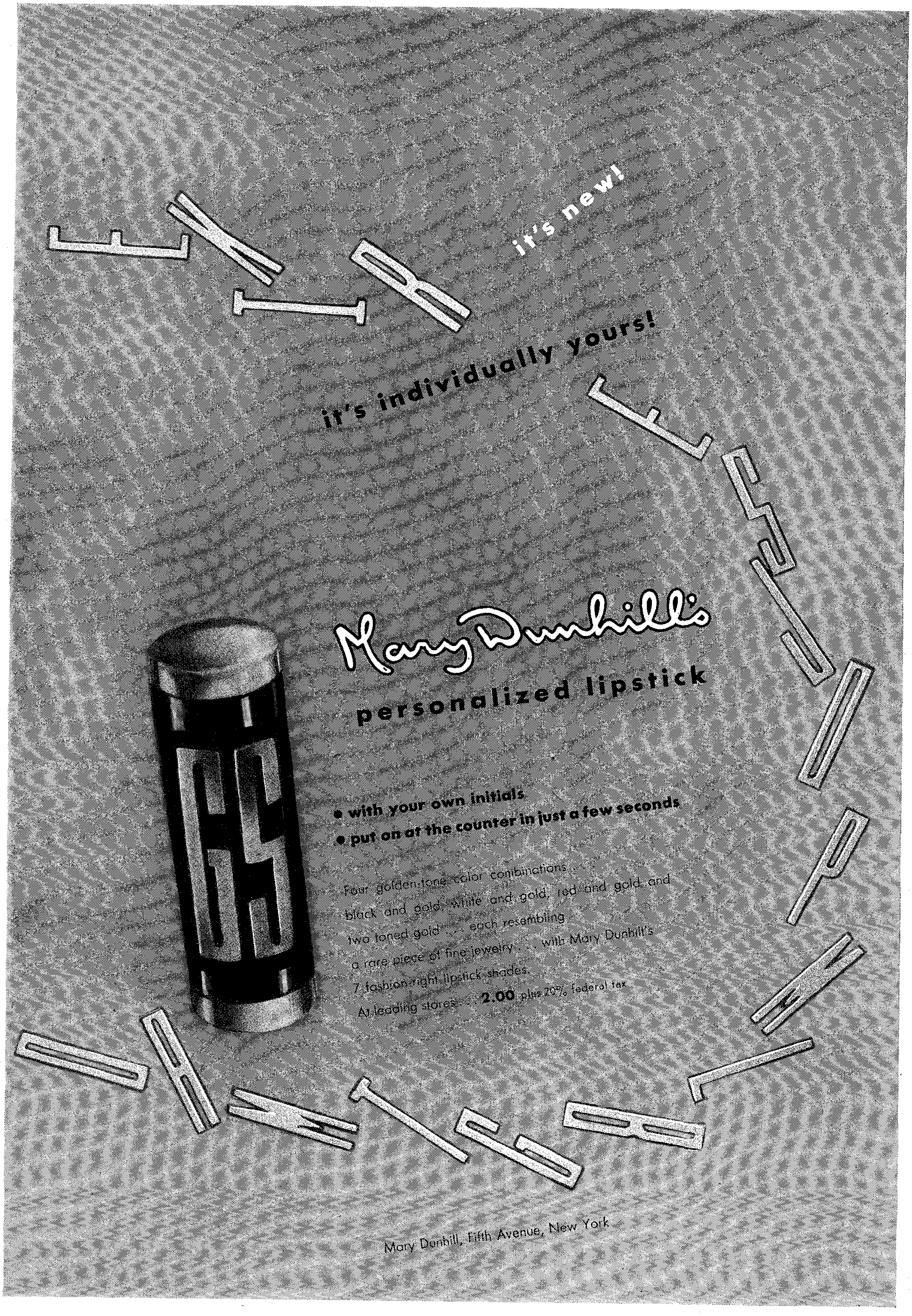
THE THEATRE

FURTHER DESECRATIONS BY MR. CLARK

ONE thing about Bobby Clark that may explain why he is a Broadway hero only, unworshipped in motion-picture temples and family radio circles, and unheard of by most people in the country, is that there is absolutely nothing sweet or sympathetic in his comedy. Much of it, in fact, is repulsive to lovers of sentiment or table manners, and all of it is uncompromisingly tough. Mr. Clark has never been gentle when I've seen him, never wistful, never wronged or misunderstood. The same cannot be said of Jimmy Durante, another great, and much more widely popular, comedian, or even of players of antisocial parts, like Harpo Marx and the late W. C. Fields. They all have gone sad or ingratiating now and then. Groucho Marx, though solidly unsentimental, yields something to prejudice by undoing villains and rescuing ingénues in the movies, and by saying in radio the kind of stuff you are expected to say in radio. Now that the brassy days of vaudeville are gone and slapstick film shorts have disappeared, I guess there is no national medium for Mr. Clark to be himself in. This, as somebody once said to somebody, is Broadway's gain. On Broadway, he continues blandly and nastily to slash away at everything that catches his eye, regardless of the social or moral ranking of the target.



Mr. Clark has seldom been funnier than he is in "Sweethearts," a Victor Herbert operetta that opened last week at the Shubert. "Sweethearts" has opened before, more than once. That was also the case with Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Mr. Clark's last vehicle, and Sheridan's "The Rivals," in which he played a few seasons back. Students of the drama will tell you that it is possible, even today, to show "The Rivals" and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" without Mr. Clark, but they will hardly say as much of "Sweethearts." The star and the producers, Paula Stone and Michael Sloane, have turned a modern gag writer, or "book revisionist," John Cecil Holm, loose upon the original book. Then Mr. Clark has turned himself loose upon the result. He holds the stage about sixty per cent of the time, singing and dancing and doing an occasional athletic turn as well as uttering cynical lines about the surroundings in which he finds himself. To say he "finds himself" there, of course, is a misstatement and a tribute to the innocent expression on Mr. Clark's face. He placed himself there cold-bloodedly, as he did in the hoary works of Molière and Sheridan. It may be that there is something reprehensible, like breaking windows in deserted houses, about Mr. Clark's recent program of reviving old shows in order to romp at their expense. In "Sweethearts," he says to the audience, "Excuse me for talking to myself; it's an old operetta custom." And, later, "Never was a thin plot so complicated." And still later, when one of the cast offers to tell a story that will clarify the plot, "She'll tell it, all right—and with music." You might ask yourself (with some logic) why, if he finds fault with these cripples, he digs them up instead of picking on new and healthier material. But it is pressing matters much too far to ask for logic from a comedian like Mr. Clark when he gives you as much as he does. I would say he is at his best this time in singing—which is as good a word as any to describe it—a number called "Pretty as a Picture" and, again, as a member of a male sextet, dressed as monks, which delivers the choral song "Pilgrims of Love" with an off-to-Buffalo postscript. "Pilgrims of Love" is a number that could be sensa-



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tionally unfunny in the wrong hands. Mr. Clark guides it home with ease, pulling the sextet with him.

While it is perfectly proper to define the new "Sweethearts" as a one-man show, Miss Stone and Mr. Sloane have trimmed it with a cast that sings well and looks good-natured even when it is suffering great indignities at the hands of Mr. Clark and the original librettists. Marjorie Gateson, Mark Dawson, and June Knight are especially good to see and hear. In fact, Miss Knight, who has always been a useful girl in a show, for my money, does so well by the famous old song "I Might Be Your Once-in-a-While," with her throat, feet, and other appurtenances, that Mr. Clark is able to stay offstage and get his breath for a spell without causing the paying guests to stampede toward West Forty-fourth Street.

I said before that the star throws in an occasional feat of athletics for extra measure. This talent, shared by the late Mr. Fields, is not necessary to the greatness of comedians of their stature, but it is very satisfactory to watch, nonetheless. In the first act, with the utmost nonchalance, Mr. Clark hurls laundry onto a clothesline from a distance of twenty feet while conducting a monologue on the side. In the second act, having "scored," as the saying goes, with the lady of his heart—Miss Gateson—he says, radiating lechery, "Now, if I can only convert," and place-kicks a sofa cushion successfully from the stage to the top of a flight of stairs. Next year, he will probably be doing something similar in W. Shakespeare's "Othello." —JOHN LARDNER

●

Q. How can I set the color and shrink goods before making it into a garment?

A. Mold the spinach into an oblong shape and place on a platter, then arrange the sliced whites of eggs around it, to represent daisy petals, putting the yolks through a strainer and piling them up to make the daisy centers.—*Newport News (Va.) Press.*

Next question.

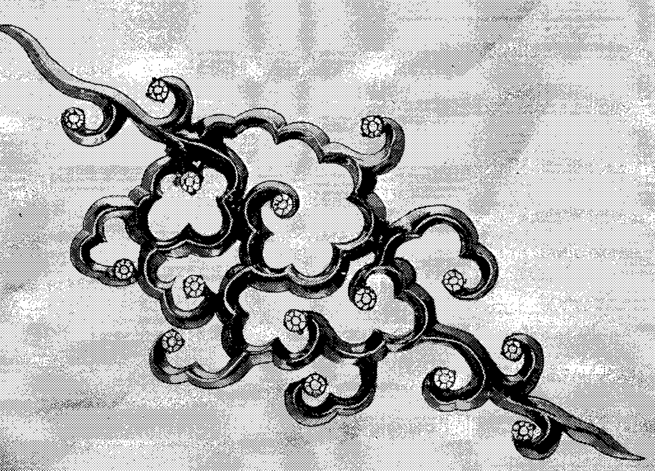
●

TWILIGHT OF THE CASTE SYSTEM IN HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

[*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times*]

Frank Sinatra gave the greatest New Year's Eve party I've ever attended. And I've seen a few. There was no caste system among the guests. Fellows who make $10,000 weekly rubbed shoulders with those who get only $75. I heard Walter Annenberg and his beautiful wife, from Philadelphia, chatting with a $100-a-week man.

Cartier



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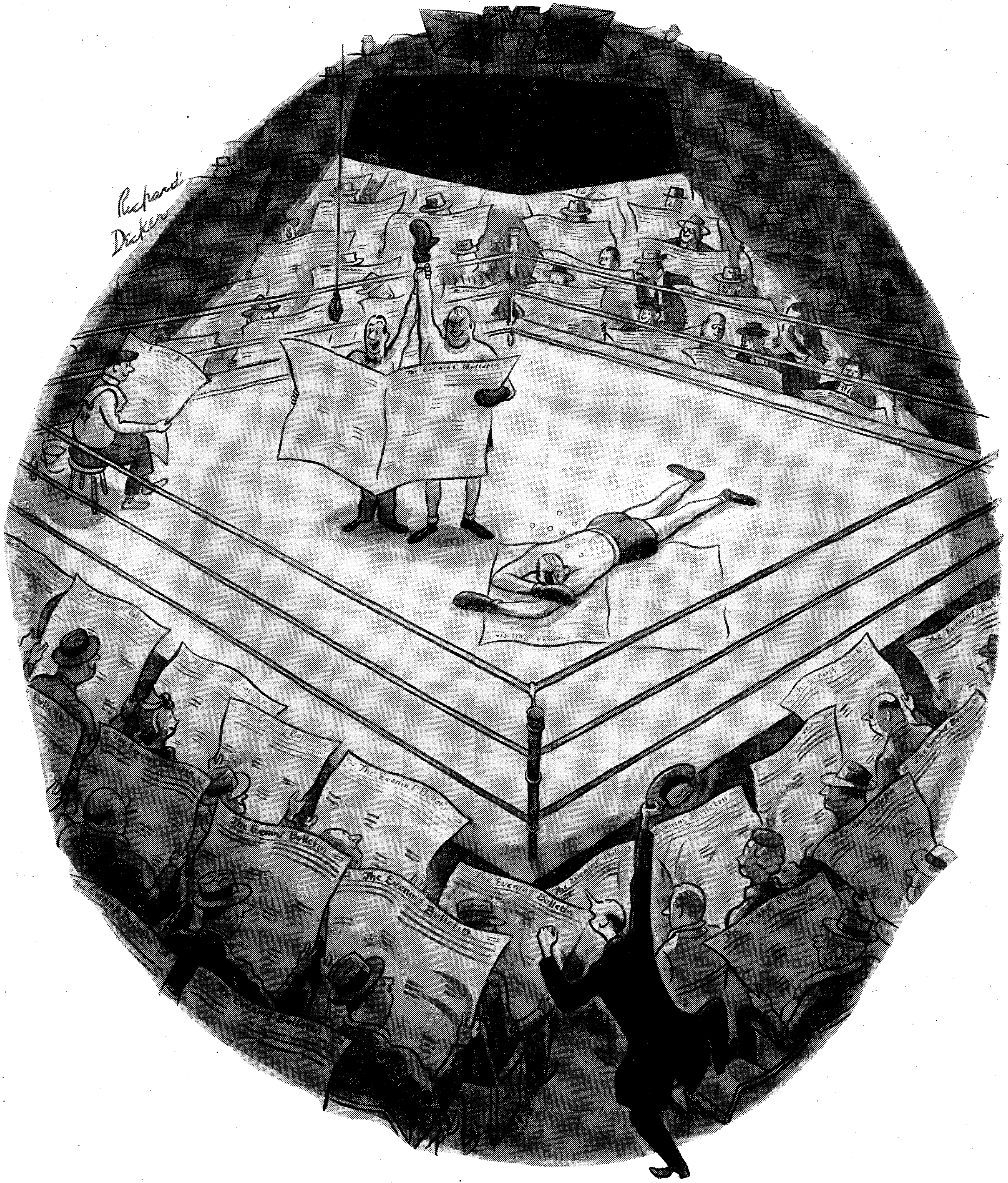
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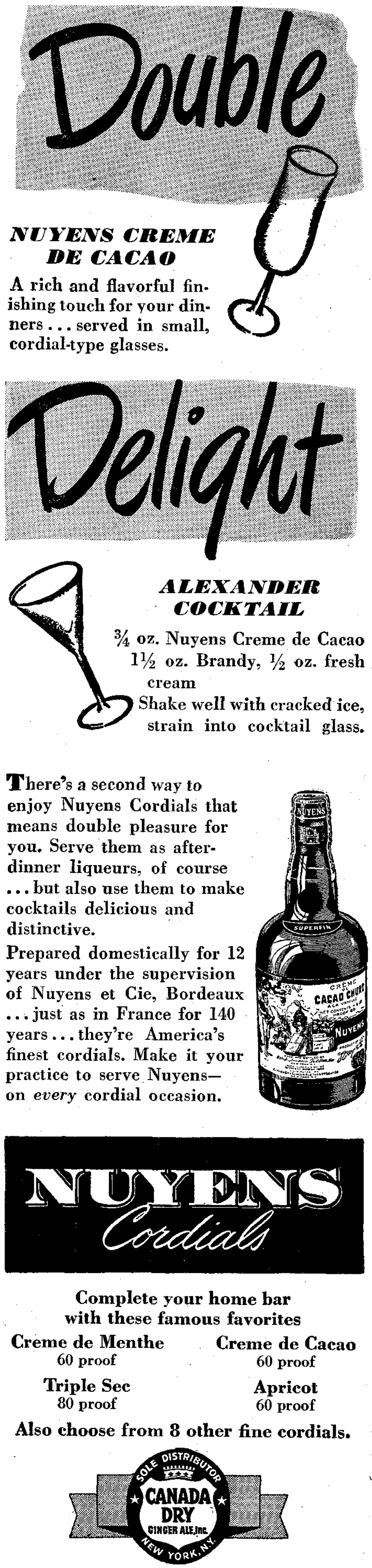

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THE CONVERT

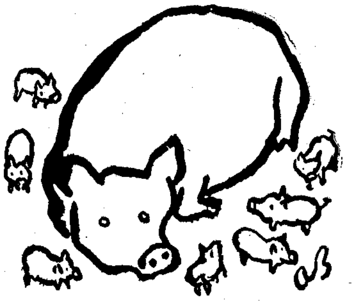
AS Martin was locking the door of his apartment, being careful not to wake his wife, Mr. Derman came down the stairs. He said, "Looks like a fine morning," and waited for Martin. They walked down the remaining three flights together. Derman said, "Heard over the radio it might rain by evening."

Martin said, "Don't you believe it." Martin was big and, even though he was middle-aged, his body still looked trim and hard. He was fairly handsome. Derman was also middle-aged, but he was short and slender and had a small, nervous face and thin hair. He and his wife looked like brother and sister—both thin, nervous, and ugly. Martin didn't mind walking *down* the stairs with Derman; it was walking up with him that he hated. Although Derman worked down in Wall Street and Martin worked just across town, they often arrived at the remodelled walkup at the same time in the afternoon. Derman, fresh from reading the evening paper in the elevated, would ask, "Well, you see what Byrnes said today? What a representative to have! Makes us look like a country of hillbillies."

Martin would say, "Byrnes is O.K.," and then Derman would splutter and chatter all the way up the stairs.

Or Derman might say, "So Truman had to fire Wallace. This is real democracy! A guy who couldn't sell ties is picked to boss the country."

"Harry looks like a nice guy—good smile," Martin would answer, and watch Derman get red in the face as he climbed the stairs and loudly pointed out what Truman was doing wrong.



Martin was a liberal—like Derman—but it annoyed him to have people constantly repeat headlines, especially Derman, who he was sure just *talked* about things. Not that Martin himself had ever *done* anything, except attend the old I.C.C. meetings now and then.

One Saturday afternoon, when Martin had been a little high and smelled of whiskey, Derman had caught him on the first floor and asked, "What do you think about the U.N.?"

"Look," Martin had said, grinning, "all I'm thinking about now is two fingers of good rye I've got left in a bottle upstairs. Right in the kitchen closet. It's a sunny afternoon, I'm going to kill the bottle, and the hell with the U.N."

Derman had said quickly, "There's two kinds of citizens, the responsible and the irresponsible, and we—"

"Why don't you take a drink and relax?"

Derman's little face had become a sickly white, and he had suddenly walked past Martin and up the stairs without another word. But a few days later, as they walked upstairs together, Derman was worrying out loud about the world again, asking Martin what he thought about continuing the draft now that hostilities were officially over.

Now, as they reached the street, Derman took a deep breath and said, "Fine day. Probably won't rain. Wish I was able to walk to work like you."

"Yeah. See you," Martin said, turning west. Derman headed for the Third Avenue elevated.

At Madison Avenue, Martin went into a drugstore and called his office and told them he was sick and wouldn't be in. Next he called his doctor and got an appointment for 10 A.M. Then he sat down at the soda fountain and read the morning paper over coffee and rolls.

MARTIN'S doctor—he had been to him once before, when he had had a boil—was a serious young man who hadn't quite recovered from being a major in the Army. When Martin got to his office, he said, "Doc, I was taking a shower this morning and as I went to step out of the tub I nearly blacked out. Had a strange feeling around my heart, like the ole pump was too big, cramped in my chest. Think it's anything?"

"Give you a checkup. Take off your coat. Strip to the waist. How old are you?"

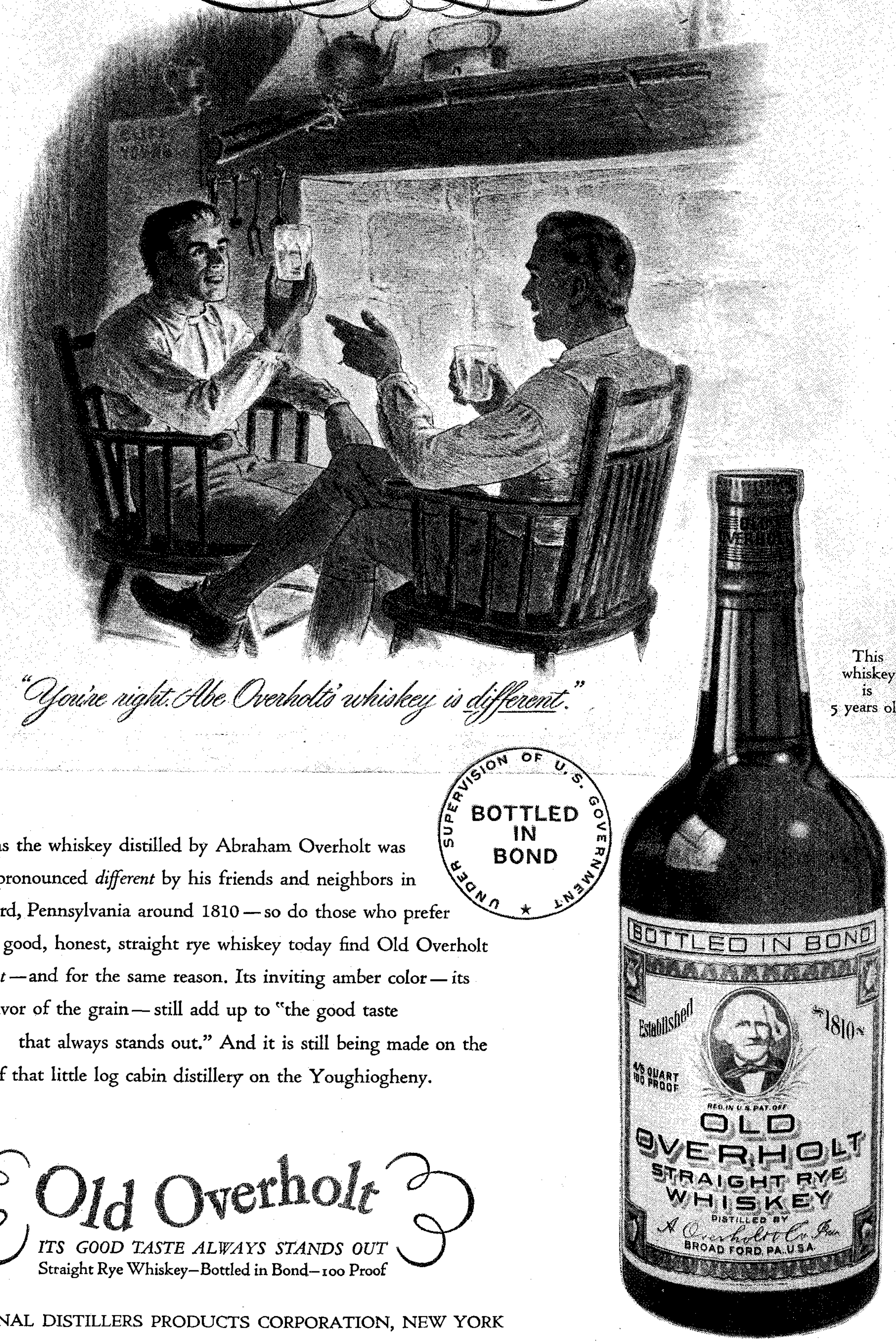
"Forty-four, but fit. Play handball now and then," Martin said.

When the examination was over, the doctor said, "You can dress." He looked solemn.

"Something wrong with the ticker?" Martin asked. "You can be frank with me."

"I'm *going* to be frank with you," the young man said slowly. "I have to. Your heart is pretty bad. You'll have to stop any form of exercise,

Over the years with
OLD OVERHOLT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Old Overholt

ITS GOOD TASTE ALWAYS STANDS OUT
Straight Rye Whiskey—Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK all drinking, smoking, any kind of excitement. What sort of work do you do?"

"Assistant manager of—a desk job," Martin said quickly, trying to keep his voice calm.

"Exciting work?"

"Hell, no. Dull, routine."

The doctor said, "Good. Don't do any extra walking, climbing stairs, or lift—"

"Doc, I live on the fourth floor—walkup."

"You'll have to move," the doctor said curtly.

Martin stared at him. "That serious?"

"Yes, *very* serious. I'm not trying to alarm you. You may live for a long time, if you take it easy. If you can possibly afford it, stop working. I'm going to give you a diet. You can't afford an upset stomach, any strain. And I'll make an appointment for you to see a heart specialist tomorrow. Now, you must—"

Martin said, "But, Doc, where can I find an elevator apartment?"

"I don't know, but you can't get a new heart, either, so you'd better move damn quick. Take a hotel room until you find another place. And when you walk up the steps now, take it easy, rest on every landing, and . . ."

OUTSIDE, Martin started for a bar, then checked himself. He lit a cigarette and quickly threw it away. He felt strange, horribly frightened, as if his big body were now made of the most delicate glass. He called a real-estate man he had known in college. The man said, "Christ, Martin, sorry to hear you're sick. I'll try, but it'll take time. How much can you pay?"

"Not over a hundred a month—tops—and not more than two hundred bucks as a bonus."

"I'll make a special effort, but you know the housing situation."

Martin went into a cafeteria for coffee. I've always felt tiptop, he thought. Maybe this doc is off the beam. Some joker! "I don't want to alarm you, but you can drop dead any second." Guess a doc couldn't make a mistake about the heart. First off, I can't tell Peggy. As for giving up the job, that's out. We don't even have a thousand in the bank. Anyhow, the job is easy. Nothing but sitting on my butt. We can't move to a hotel. Peggy would have to know, then. And the way they charge, eat up what dough we have. Poor Peggy! Best I start sav-

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ing every dime I can. Wonder if I can raise my insurance policy without an examination?

He started toward Times Square, walking slowly, then hailed a cab. He took in a movie, sat through the show twice, and at five took a cab home. He walked up the first flight of stairs, a little surprised to find himself still standing when he reached the landing. He looked down at his chest. He wasn't breathing hard. This is silly, he thought. I feel fine. Still, better rest.

Martin heard the door open downstairs, and a moment later Derman came up, the evening paper crumpled under his arm. Derman asked, "Waiting for someone?"

"Forgot something I was supposed to buy at the store," Martin said. "I'm trying to remember what it is."

Derman touched the paper under his arm. "Read about the landlords locking up their empty apartments? Boys been home from the war over two years *still* haven't any place to live, and these bastards have the gall to close their apartments if they don't get their pound of flesh. Makes me boil. The housing situation is a scandal, and don't you tell me—"

"It's worse than that. It's a matter of life and death," Martin said softly.

Derman stared at him, surprise on his small face. For a second, Martin thought the little man was going to slap him on the back and congratulate him. Derman said, "*Well*, glad you agree with me. And you're absolutely right. It is a life-and-death matter for the country—definitely."

Martin smiled as he thought, I made the little punk happy at last.

Derman put his hand on the banister. "Coming up?"

"Still trying to remember what I was supposed to buy," Martin said.

"Well, the wife has supper waiting for me. Yes, sir, this housing business is *real* bad," Derman said, his voice warm and friendly.

Martin stood there, laughing to himself as he remembered the expression on Derman's face, waiting till he no longer heard his light, nervous steps on the stairs. Then his big face became very serious as he started to walk slowly and cautiously up the next flight.

—LEN ZINBERG

•

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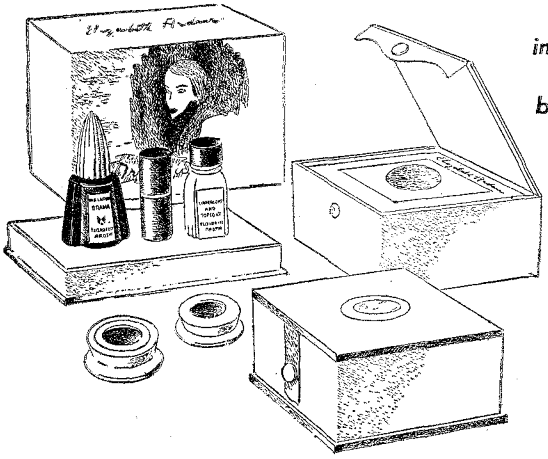
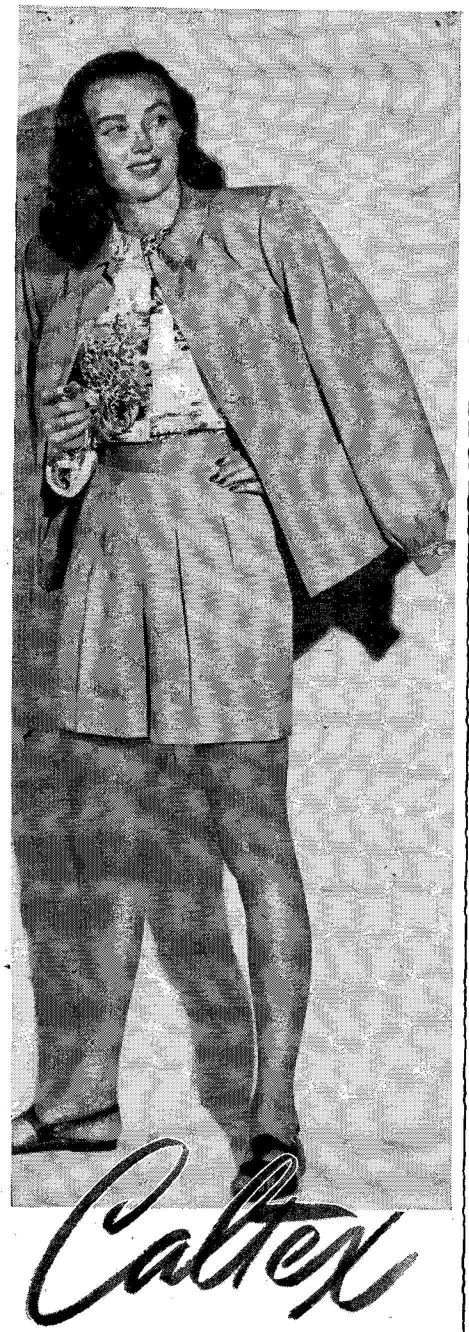


Elizabeth Arden



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Chicago

THE ART GALLERIES

Three Englishmen

THE big show of the week is the Metropolitan Museum's "Masterpieces of English Painting," comprising more than sixty canvases by Hogarth, Constable, and Turner. It's mostly a loan exhibition of selections from the British Royal Collection and other important English sources, under the sponsorship of the British government. Only three of the paintings have ever been shown here before, or anywhere outside England, and a good deal of intricate machinery, including a special act of authorization in Parliament, had to be oiled, primed, and set in motion before so epochal an event as shipping these pictures away from the home islands could occur. In spite of all this rigmarole, it is an excellent showing. (I say "in spite of" because when officialdom is involved you usually get lousy art.) Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, and the other popular "masters" of the period have been ignored; only the real ones—Constable, Hogarth, and Turner—have been chosen, and the works are admirably selected to show the diverse and yet somehow related talents of these men.

I am not a great Hogarth admirer. I recognize his place in history, both as a satirist and as a recorder of social customs, but I think that his importance has been overestimated. He was nowhere near so interesting a draftsman as Daumier, nor was he so perceptive a commentator; and, particularly in his painting, he was so entangled in the classical style that it crippled and almost nullified his true gift for exact, contemporaneous expression. He lacked something else, too, which was even more important, and which one might call the ability to *create* emotion. He portrayed its surface aspects but not its depths, and in consequence his work has always seemed a little cold and contrived. Yet his satire has sharpness and bite, and if only for the wealth of contemporary detail that is contained in them, it is interesting to pore over such pieces as his "O the Roast Beef of Old England" and the six original paintings for the series of engravings called "Marriage à la Mode." Like his near-contemporary, Alexander Pope, he may be dry but he is always discerning.

The two other men in the show stand on a securer footing. John Constable, in particular, has of late years been gaining general recognition as one of the great forces in the formulation of modern painting theory, while from Delacroix and Géricault on down to the present he has been admired by many artists. (Delacroix repainted a whole section of his "Massacre at Chios" after seeing a landscape of Constable's at the Paris Salon.) Constable, the child of a prosperous small-town miller in Suffolk, grew up in country surroundings and matured slowly. He seems always to have been a gentle and rather unassuming person, and a good many of his contributions to painting methods, revolutionary as they were, sprang as much from his artlessness as from anything else. He was the first man to paint complete pictures out of doors on the spot—because, living as he did and liking nature ("I have never seen an ugly thing," he once wrote a friend), it was the most natural thing in the world for him to do. He was also the first man to paint light accurately, with all its dapplings and variations in color, and though this later struck the Impressionists as pretty startling (as did his habit of noting down the exact hour of the day at which he worked on a picture), it was an almost inevitable result of carrying his easel and palette out into the open.

Turner, too, since the rise of Expressionism, has been coming into much greater favor. He and Constable were almost exact contemporaries (Turner was 1775 to 1851 and Constable was 1776 to 1837), but in most respects their careers were almost antithetical. Born in London, the son of a cockney barber, Turner grew up with that fierce urge for success that is often the result of a poverty-stricken childhood, and in his early years he worked hard and, in an artistic sense, rather consciencelessly, adopting and adapting fashionable styles in his haste to make money. Turner showed by far the greater facility of the two men. He was an Associate of the Royal Academy by the time he was twenty-four, a full member at twenty-seven, and, at least through his middle years, so rich that he could afford to turn away commissions. Then things went bad. The shrill colors that his palette now took on and the increasing freedom of his composition cut into his popularity, and, being arrogant and rather harsh-tempered, he became embittered to the point of refusing to exhibit a good many of his later pictures. He died a recluse, very much neglected, but not before he had turned out, toward the end, a series of paintings that are astonishing for their coloristic exuberance and turbulent, powerful design.

One such, in the exhibition, is his "Snowstorm: Steamboat off a Harbor's Mouth Making Signals in Shallow Water and Going by the Lead," that, with its wild, whirling spirals of snow and spray, in which the ship is almost lost to sight, is as close an approach to abstract expressionism as anything that appeared for nearly a hundred years afterward; and another is his "Fire at Sea," a real feat of grandiose imagination. But I shan't say too much about specific canvases, since the whole show is worthy of attention. Of the Constables, I'll mention just two—"Hampstead Heath" and the more roughly painted "Dell in Helmingham Park." They reveal, about as well as any others in the lot, both the breadth and the depth of his vision of nature.

AT Knoedler, there are some forty sculptures by Gaston Lachaise—his first exhibit, incidentally, since shortly before his death, in 1936. My main feeling as I went through the collection was a surprised realization that despite Lachaise's eminence he was a man whom I'd known very little about. One reason, I think, is that a few of his pieces—such as the bronze "Torso," "Standing Woman," and "Heroic Woman"—have become so well known that one tends to assume an equal familiarity with the man's other production. This condition, if general, has been good for Lachaise's reputation, for the pieces I have named are by far his best ones, and in concentrating on these, people would tend to overlook his many fumblings. The new show makes it plain that he was a man whose talents were decidedly variable. Along with several fine portrait heads (John Marin and E. E. Cummings, for example), he produced a great many bad ones, and his concept of female beauty, which could occasionally bring forth things that were full and flowing and gracious, could at other times turn sour indeed. That concept, as it centered on breasts and buttocks, was practically a fixation, and some of its manifestations, as in the two "Torsos," numbered 25 and 29 in the catalogue, come close to the nightmarish. —ROBERT M. COATES

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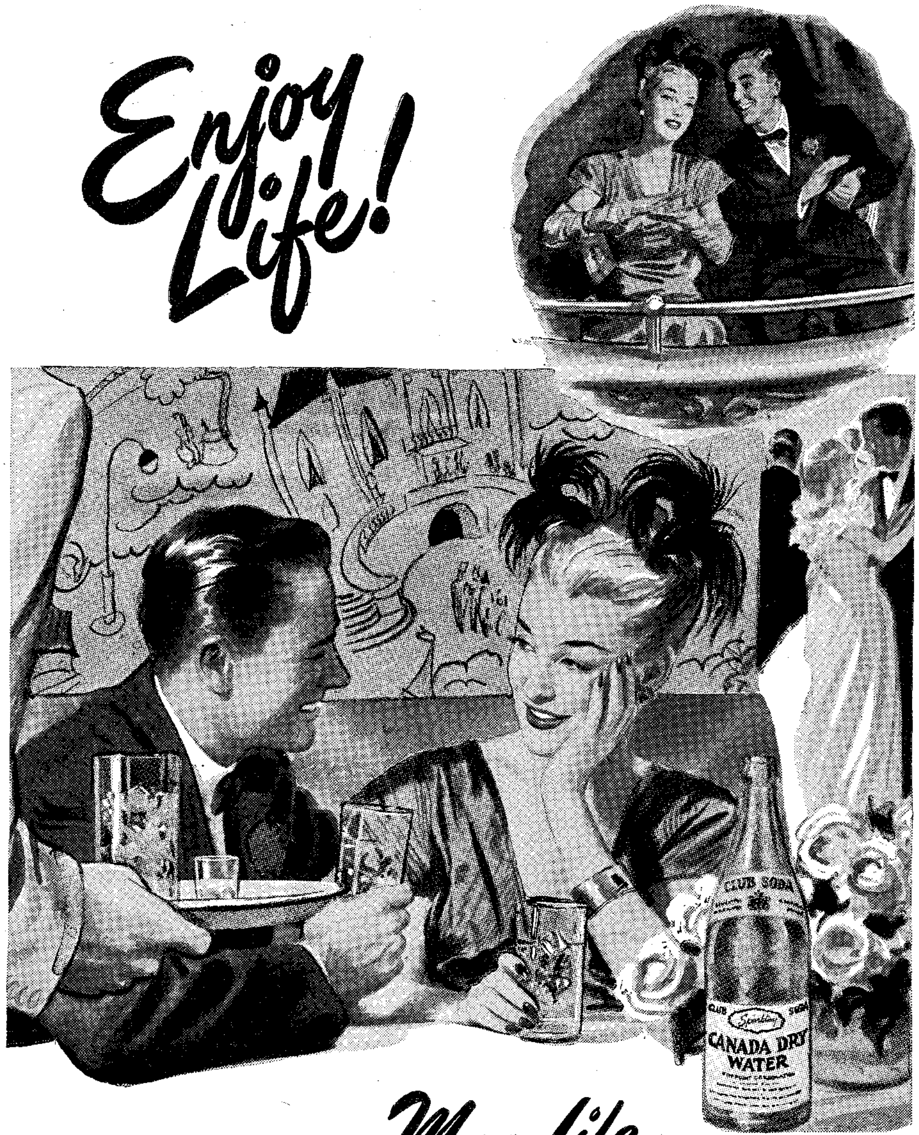
POLISH BALLOTING
FREE OF VIOLENCE;
PEASANTS PROTEST
—*The Times.*

People have a right to a *little* fun.



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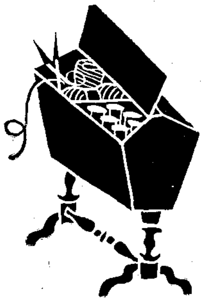
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

AT the outset of the year that was supposed to launch us headlong into the Plastic Age, plastics seem to be taking a beating from some materials that have been around for quite a while. Porcelain, for instance, which the Chinese have been getting along all right with for some years, is looking very lively in some modern-dress tableware at Bloomingdale. Russel Wright, the designer responsible for the idea, chose porcelain because he could find nothing to equal it for resistance to manhandling, stove heat, and refrigerator cold. The dishes come in pale-blue, yellow (I say it's green, but who can argue with a department store?), and white glazes, and you can drop them on a linoleum floor, generally without disaster. (An obliging clerk tossed a basketful helter-skelter on a metal tabletop for me; there was a great deal of racket but no casualties.) You can bake food in the dishes, carry it straight from the oven to the table in them, and then use them to store in the icebox anything that's left over. What's more, they look prettier than anything so formidably practical has any right to look.

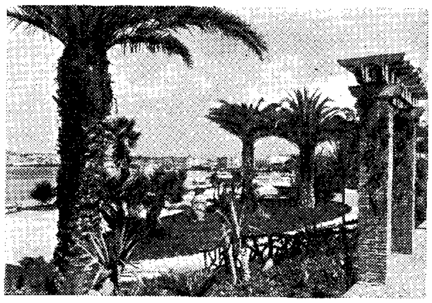
There is no trick to the toughness of this ware, unless being lavish with the quantity of porcelain you use can be called a trick. Apparently, porcelain, if it's thick enough, can stand almost anything. These dishes are thick, but since they have been molded into rounded, curving shapes, with thinly tapered edges, they're not clumsy. There are casseroles that have had notches scooped out on each side to assist you in picking them up (with a napkin!); coffee pots that, without their covers, may serve as pitchers; platters on which you can grill steaks and chops under the oven broiler and bring them sizzling to the table; saucers deep enough to make handy dish covers; and an especially fine array of shallow bowls of various sizes. The soup size is my idea of an excellent salad plate, too, because it holds plenty and keeps the salad collected in the center. A service for six, including cooking dishes, a tea pot, a sugar bowl, and a cream pitcher, comes to about $50. Altogether, I can't think where you could find anything more satisfactory for everyday use, especially if yours happens to be one of the servantless households for which the dishes were planned.

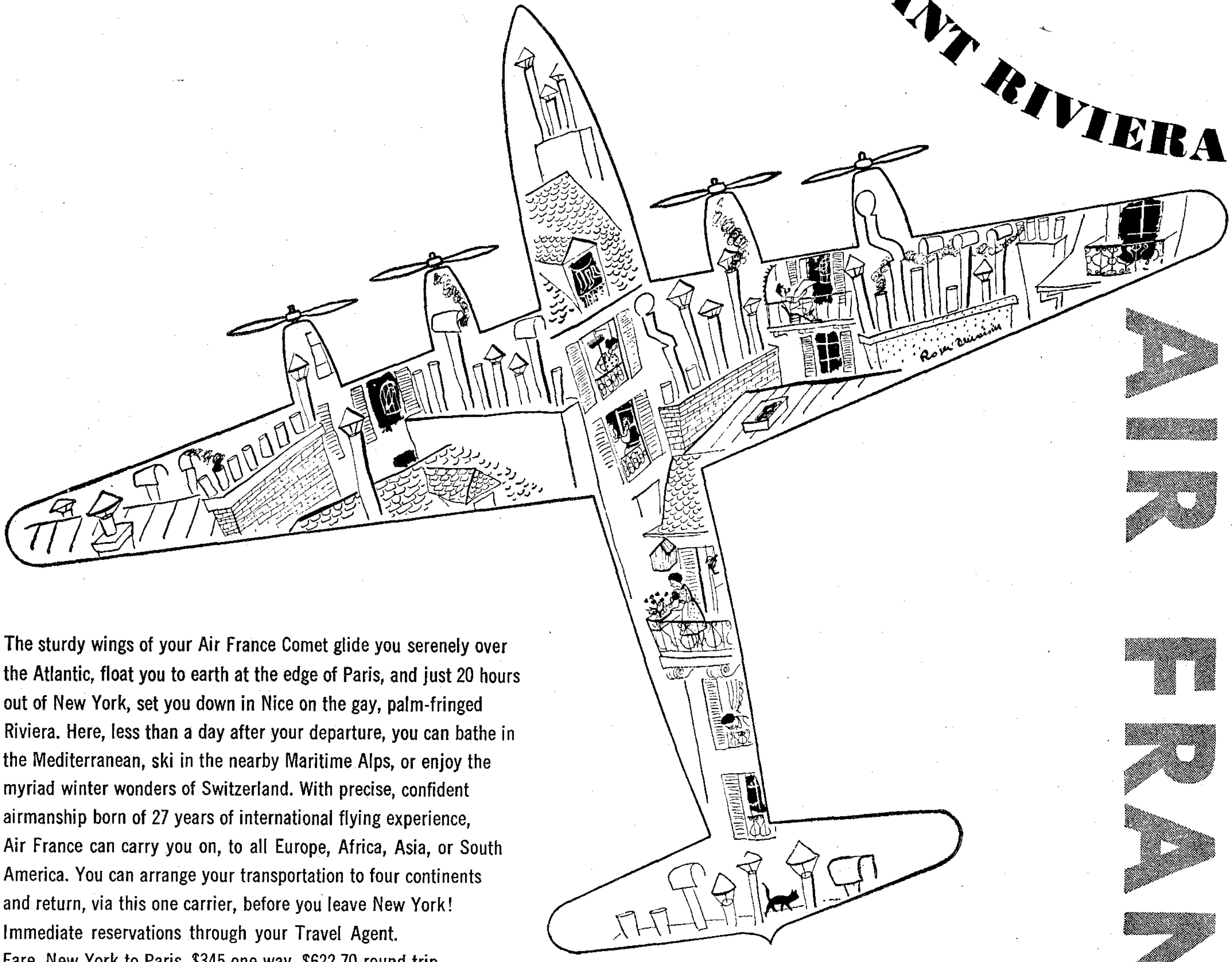


IN her shop at 46 East 8th Street, Carol Janeway is proving that ceramic tile, too, can rival the Lucite clan. Among her tiles, which are certainly as beautiful as any being made today, are the familiar six-inch, teatile squares ($5 each) to put under hot plates; after that, there is almost no end to the uses she can think up for her specialty. Tile-paved game tables with chess- or backgammon-board tops are one idea. The tiles may be painted with birds or other decorations, or a design of your own suggestion. A backgammon table costs $200; a checkerboard one is $179. Pottery counters and chessmen make admirable companions for the tables, of course, and you can get them here, too; $90 for a backgammon set, $72 for checkers, and $100 for chessmen. Miss Janeway also makes enormous, irregularly shaped ashtrays, almost as big as soup tureens. They have a creamy glaze and are usually embellished with a huge green bird in the center. They cost $50, but then maybe you smoke a lot. Another nice fancy (and one less giddily priced) is a series of spice jars, also cream-colored, ornamented with green botanical patterns and names of spices; $6 each. Her best pottery cups and saucers, I think, are the ones in a strawberry pattern ($10 for a cup and saucer); there is also a custom jumbo size ($20). Salt-and-pepper sets are made in the form of chess pieces (black king and white queen, $16 a pair) or of lion and lioness heads ($12 a pair). Lion heads also are used to top off bottle corks ($8 each). And anything that is possible in tile can be made to order, even a mural.

NATURAL cow horn is coming in for a renaissance at Phelps Associates, 45 University Place (9th). This is the firm of leather-handbag makers to whose door a path has been beaten by people once accustomed to thinking of midtown as the southern extremity of Manhattan, and it now looks as if they have got hold of another fetching mousetrap. Satiny polished horn, still in the shape in which it grew on the beast, is a natural for two-branch candlesticks, some in pairs ($27.50),

20 TONIC HOURS TO THE SUN-BRILLIANT RIVIERA





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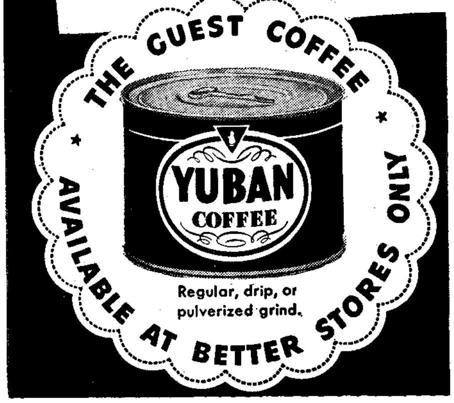
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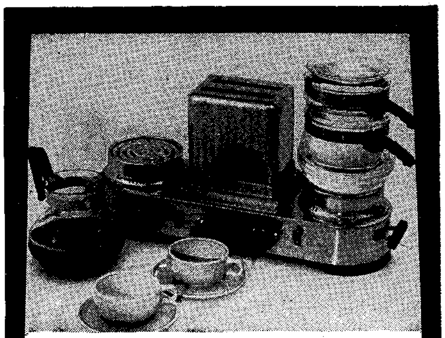
but most of them single ($15), mounted on wood or on a disc of horn. They would be right at home in a hunting lodge, if that's the nature of your weekend retreat. Cigarette boxes with arched lids, like old-fashioned trunks, would be right at home anywhere; $13 for a small one, and $15 for a larger one, which is divided into two compartments. Other boxes, lined with velvet and meant for men's jewelry, might also do well for women's, especially the chunky kind, since they are deep; $35. That's all there is to the ready-made collection, but practically anything of a similar nature can be ordered, in colorings ranging from creamy mottlings, through marbled grays and tans, to something almost black. —B. B.

•

Let's you and I, starting with two blank pieces of paper, create a couple of female characters. We start with a name. Helen will do. We will, you being what you are and I being what I am, create two women with little or no resemblance to each other. For the sake of illustration, let us assume that your Helen is tall and willowy, cool and poised, red headed and green eyed, educated and cultured, realistic and practical. My Helen is short and petite, sultry and volatile, brown hair and eyes, not too much education and a bit short on polish, dreamy and impractical. Now let's create two male characters in the same manner. Here again we'll end up with a couple of men as widely different as our women. They're as different as you and I are different. But our men meet our women and they talk. Desire comes along. Our men want our women. What for? Ah, my friend, I can speak only for my man. Let's say, however, you being what you are, that your man wants to marry your woman, make her the mother of his children and settle down to the good life. My man wants only to seduce my woman and move on to other things, me being what I am. Now let's yank our women away from our men and place them atop a towering mountain. This mountain is literally crawling with wild animals. It is cut up with flooding rivers and deep chasms. Other men are there, too. Horrors, they're after our women! Your man, being what you've made him, kills off the wild animals, swims the rivers, leaps the chasms, thwarts the other men and crushes your Helen to his breast. My man, being what I've made him, shrugs and turns away from the mountain. Just to seduce my Helen isn't worth that much. You've written a story. I haven't. But wait. It suddenly occurs to my man that one of the men toiling up the mountain means to ravish my Helen and hurl her beautiful young body over the precipice. Gangway! Now my man kills off the wild animals, swims the raging rivers, leaps the yawning chasms, kicks the villain in the teeth and gets to sleep with Helen, after all. By implication, of course. And now we've both written a story.

—*Writer's Digest.*

Have we sold it?



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TABLES FOR TWO

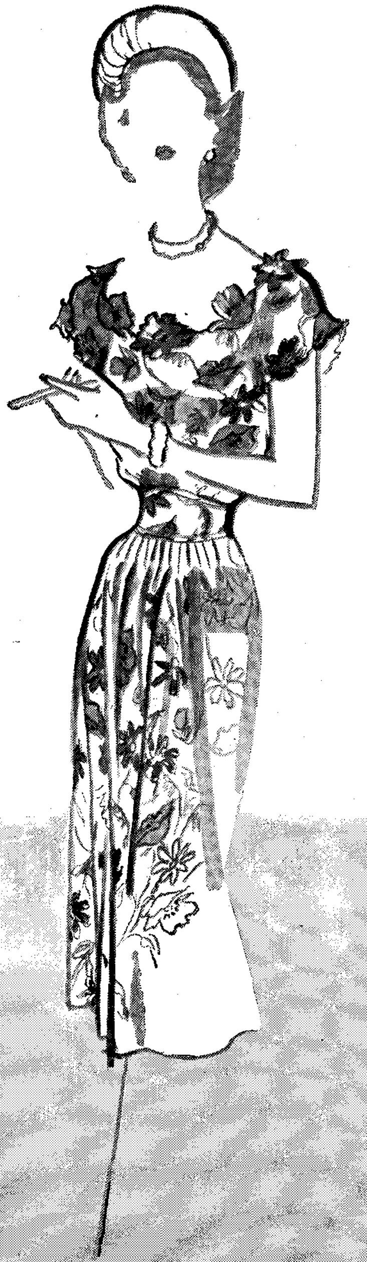
Babel

JUST at present, foreign languages, dialects, and accents have got such a hold on the imagination of night-club entertainers that our native tongue is in danger of disappearing—after dark, at least—and the little linguistic knowledge each of us has picked up during the last few years is being flattered all over town. At the Ruban Bleu, *par exemple*, you can hear real Afrikaans and Zulu in the fresh, gay ballads from the veldt sung by Josef Marais and Miranda, and, later, French and German double-talk, when Leonard Elliott and Irma Jurist come on with their nonsense songs and operas. At the Blue Angel, John Buckmaster delivers a very funny satire in comedy German on English movies about the war. Jules Munshin, the fellow in "Call Me Mister" who is now doubling at Café Society Uptown, sings in twelve languages, including something that he claims is Chinese spoken backwards, and at the same place a sort of baby talk, too, can be heard when Susan Reed, the pale ballad singer and harp strummer with long red curls, murmurs wide-eyed introductions to her conventional Irish lays. And while I'm on the subject, Morton Downey, who is in a different tradition altogether, is missing pure Gaelic by a hair in some of his numbers at the Waldorf.

When it comes to garbling foreign languages, my special compliments go to Mr. Munshin. He has a long, thin face, whose features, particularly a pair of tremendous, perpendicular eyebrows, seem to have been charcoaled in by a caricaturist. When he sings or speaks, his arms and every part of his face are in a state of fierce tension, as though he had been storing up for years the ambition to do just what he is doing now. Not all his numbers are first-rate—he's not much better at a grand-opera routine than anybody else, I'm afraid—but one of them, a foolish cowboy song, is worth staying up till midnight to hear. His hoarse Western croak, superimposed on a natural Third Avenue accent, makes it as entertaining a bit of comedy as I've listened to in a long time. As for Susan Reed (since we seem to have settled on the show at the uptown Café), I get the impression, either from her elfin grin or from her high, high voice—surely an octave higher than the one God gave her—that she started life as the lady on the White Rock label. Dorothy Jarnac follows her with some Agnes de Mille-type dances, but a new twist is provided, in the form of an accompanist named Roberta Lee, who superbly sings the popular songs and blues that Miss Jarnac acts out. The latter wears a pinafore and old-fashioned ribbons for her act and is equipped with the bewildered expression and curiously bent legs we've all come to know so well since "Oklahoma!" opened. I must be getting nervous and run-down, because both ballad singers and bent-legged dancers are beginning to have a depressing effect on me. Still, Edmund Hall's orchestra is on hand, and that alone is enough to make any evening worth while.

THE downtown Café Society is one of the four or five spots in town where you can generally expect to find someone new and good. Right now, however, the show is weaker than it ought to be. Like its brother uptown, it fights its way through a ballad singer and a lady harpist (the Uptown at least combines the two in Susan Reed), and comes to rest at last with Phil Leeds, a comedian without the egotism required for his sort of work. I've heard him described as a young man with a future, but when I saw him, he simply talked interminably, in the manner of a best man delivering a long and complicated toast at a bridal table. I could be more charitable, though, if so many of his jokes, especially those in a song about a dead dog, were not in questionable taste.

MORTON DOWNEY'S total mesmerization of the gathering in the Wedgwood Room on the night that I was there was a rare and impressive thing to watch, if only because the average night-club client, with his mind on his next drink or his last remark, is notoriously a tough party to mesmerize. From the moment Downey walked into the spotlight, manipulating his Irish personality, until the moment, about an hour later, when he was grudgingly allowed to give up and go home, he so bewitched his audience that during his light numbers even a tentative smile on his part provoked a burst of laughter and during the sad or slow ones you could have heard a tip drop on the rug. Since you can hardly have missed



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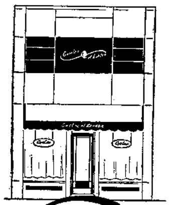

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hearing Downey over all these years, you probably know about the marvellously effective way he hesitates before key words, as though he were teetering at the top of a ski trail, and about his trick of substituting a tremulous soft whistle for a bar of a song, as if the emotional content of the lyric had suddenly become too much for him. The Wedgwood Room appeared to be just as crowded by Downey enthusiasts last week as it was by Sinatra followers a couple of months ago, and although the boys' techniques are exactly opposite, it's not hard to see why they are both successful. Sinatra makes you want to sprawl out and listen, while Downey makes you want to sit up and listen; Sinatra has one mood, which he is willing to stick to indefinitely, while Downey depends on frequent changes of pace. This changeability, of course, is an Irish trait, and his two most original numbers—a reverent, whispered recitation of A. A. Milne's "Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers" and his musical satire on an Irish wake—perfectly illustrate that mixture of almost embarrassing sentimentality and hard, one-punch cynicism that makes Irishmen sometimes difficult but never dull.

LEONARD ELLIOTT, one of the foreign-language specialists I was talking about, is a newcomer to the Ruban Bleu and a man we're likely to see around for some time to come, if he can preserve his quality of uncrushable good humor. He seemed to amuse himself greatly with his preposterous ideas—parodies of South Sea lotus-flower dances, Elizabethan songlets, and so on—and I must say they made me laugh, too. Elliott is tall, with gigantic ears and brilliant teeth, and he manages, by agility alone, to make the tiny stage at the Ruban Bleu seem as large as a basketball court. . . . The Cotillion Room at the Pierre has a show that is just about as stately and opulent as the room itself. It includes a man who spins lovebirds around on a miniature gold-and-white carrousel, and a pair of dancers who assume the statuesque poses of nymphs and satyrs in an eighteenth-century French garden. —F. L.

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All Raleighs are now stamped "903" on the package and on the cigaret paper and henceforth net show commercials will combine plugs for the moisturization process (sound effects: three wet whooshes from a steam jet) with the "Proof Positive" copy of the past months.—*Tide*.

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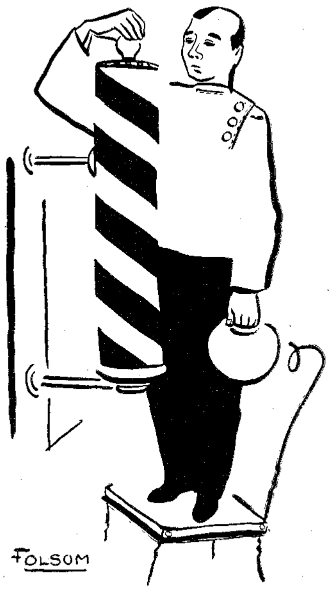
MOOCHIE THE MAGNIFICENT

THERE may be a flicker of greatness in all men, and perhaps the only trouble is that most of us never find ourselves in a situation where our particular brand has a chance to show itself. One morning recently, as I was walking to work, I saw in a store window a poster announcing a wrestling show. The semifinal bout was between Moochie the Magnificent and someone whose name meant nothing to me. Under Moochie's name, in small letters, were the words "Marine Hero of Jap Prison Camp." His picture was on the poster, and I recognized him. In September of 1945, soon after the surrender of Japan, I had heard a lot about him in Osaka, and I had ridden with him on a train from Osaka to Yokohama. Moochie had a lower directly across the aisle from me. The train was filled with American, British, and Australian former prisoners of war, the last of some forty-three hundred men who had been rounded up in the vicinity of Osaka. Many of the Americans had been taken at the very start of the war, on Guam and in the Philippines, and had been in prison camps for more than three years. Most of the British and Australians had been taken in China or Burma. For all of them, the trip to Yokohama was the first leg of the journey home. I happened to be along because the Navy had sent me to Osaka to write publicity stories about any of the ex-prisoners who had been sailors or Marines.



The train was one of the few sleepers operating on Japanese railroads at that time. The arrangement of berths was similar to that of Pullmans, and, except that they were somewhat shorter than those on American trains, they were no more inconvenient.

Moochie had come from a small town in upstate New York. He had quit high school to work in a garage and had spent his spare time in poolrooms or playing baseball for the town team. In 1940, he had joined the Marines just for the hell of it, had been sent to Guam, and three days after Pearl Harbor was captured there, together with all the others in his outfit.

They were moved by the Japanese from one island to another, and finally to Japan. Some of the camps were all right, but most of them were bad. The prisoners did all kinds of labor—unloading ships, digging drydocks, and building barracks. In May of 1943, ninety prisoners were taken to a camp near Osaka, and from then until the end of the war they worked as coolies on the railroad docks. The work was hard, and the food was bad. The men lost weight steadily, and a number of them fell sick. They often had long discussions about food—descriptions of meals they had once eaten, the kinds of food they liked best, the smells of food, the tastes, the colors, Army food, Navy food, Marine food. They had food dreams at night and some of them talked in their sleep about food. Constant hunger blotted out thoughts of home, of women, and of everything except food for long periods of time.

But even worse than the trouble about food was their continuous sense of insecurity. In the narrow world of the prison camp, which consisted of a circle of bare earth and a few wooden barracks surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards, death was a constant possibility. The prisoners were under the protection of neither civil nor military law. The comfort of physical strength was gone. They were ninety foreigners in a hostile country, and they were helpless. Except for a daily trip to the railroad docks, they were confined to their little compound. As the months dragged on, rumor, suspicion, and anxiety wore away at the men's spirits. Then, gradually, and without design, Moochie became the leader of the prison camp. He was reckless and fearless, and he had always been big—on Guam, before he was taken, he had weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds. He was friendly and cheerful by nature and he laughed easily. In the prison camp, these commonplace civilian virtues, which in ordinary life had brought him very little reward, became respected and admired. He made jokes at the expense of the guards and took his punishment without flinching. He devised a system by which the

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prisoners regularly looted the cargoes they unloaded of quantities of sugar and fish. When the men fell sick, his laughter was their only medicine.

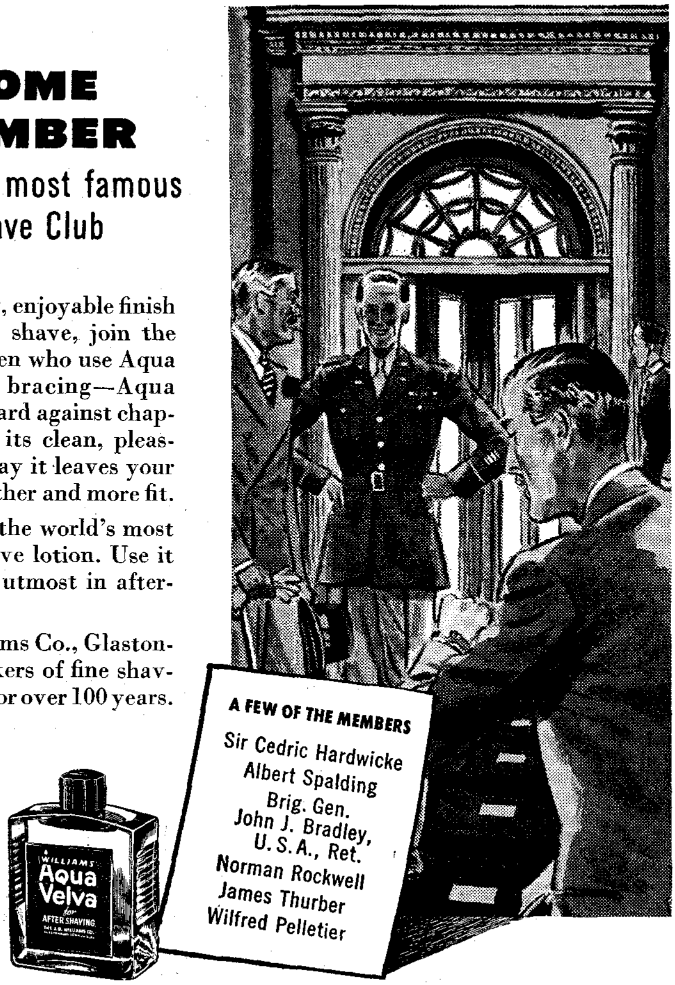
Moochie's final elevation to a minor form of greatness came almost accidentally, as such things usually do. In February and March of 1945, American air raids and strafing attacks were added to the prisoners' complement of sorrows. Twice they were burned out of their camp, and once they were machine-gunned. In retaliation for the raids, the Japanese in charge of the camp became even more ruthless in their treatment of the prisoners. For the slightest infraction of the rules, men were beaten until they couldn't move, and a rumor spread through the camp that if more raids came, they were all to be killed.

One evening, when the prisoners were leaving the railroad docks, a guard discovered several pouches of stolen sugar strapped to the body and legs of one of them. Moochie met the danger of that much-feared moment head on. He felled the guard with a single blow, and then knocked another down. A free-for-all began, in which some of the Japanese coolies on the dock took part on the side of the prisoners. When the fight was over, eighteen of the guards were laid out unconscious on the tracks.

For his leadership in this uprising, Moochie was thrown into solitary confinement, and the other prisoners were locked in the compound. All of them expected to be killed. Moochie was compelled to stand at attention sixteen hours a day for nineteen days; then he was released and sent back to work. He had lost thirty pounds during his ordeal. His release was a genuine victory. It was taken to mean that in the eyes of the Japanese the prisoners had a little value and could therefore count on some small measure of clemency. The men knew that, whereas Japanese coolies drew wages, P.W.s were free labor for the shipping companies, and they considered it likely that to save ninety pay envelopes a week someone had picked up a telephone and made a practical plea for lenience.

Whatever the source of their protection or the identity of their protector, the memory of Moochie's victory provided for the last few months of the war the thread by which hung their common faith that they might, after all, come out of it alive.

I WATCHED Moochie with interest that night on the train. He was wearing only an undershirt above his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trousers, and I could see the well-separated muscles of his great shoulders and arms. He had a mane of black hair, a long jaw, and a big, pleasant face.

For several hours after we pulled out of Osaka, the men who had lived through so much with him kept lurching down the aisle to his berth and paying awkward tribute to his leadership. Some of them sat on the edge of his berth beside him, others stood up in the aisle. There was a great quantity of Japanese beer aboard and almost unlimited amounts of American Army food. With their belt knives, the men opened bottles of beer and punched open cans of K-ration cheese and biscuits. They passed around opened cans of tomatoes. Someone brought out a gasoline stove and set it in the middle of the aisle, and they made a large tin can of hot coffee.

As the men ate, they talked about the camp, and about happenings on the docks, and told jokes on one another. Moochie ruled over the group with easy, kingly grace. He was the magnetic center toward which the others pointed their conversation, and in little ways they deferred to him and showed their regard. When, now and then, a man left to go to his berth, he generally gave Moochie a friendly punch on the arm or tousled his hair.

And then, along about one o'clock in the morning, Moochie's crown was lifted from him. Quietly and rather suddenly, it just disappeared. The conversation had slowed down from time to time before that, and the silent gaps between stories had begun to grow longer and longer. Finally, everyone stopped talking. There was a long pause. A sailor who had been taken in the Philippines and who had spent a couple of years with Moochie in camp said, "Listen, goddam it, let's stop talking about it. It's over now and I'm ready to forget it. From now on, I'm concentrating on getting home."

"Right!" someone added quickly. "I'm ready to knock it off. Let's change the subject to something pleasant, something natural."

Just that suddenly, the conversation turned a corner. The talk from then on concerned home, wives, and Stateside things, the camp world passed into memory, and Moochie moved from the center to the periphery of the group. At first, neither he nor the others seemed to be aware of the change that had taken place. The next time I glanced across at him, Moochie was looking out of the train window at the dark, and the bull session was gradually breaking up. When I went to sleep, Moochie was still staring out of the window.

IN the morning, I got up late, expecting that we would already have arrived in Yokohama, but the train had been delayed somewhere during the night and we still had a couple of hours to run. As I went down the car to the dirty washroom at one end, men were dressing and eating breakfast. The gasoline heater had been used to brew breakfast coffee, and food was strewn about. When I came back, Moochie's berth had been made up and he was sitting by himself. I said hello, and began to dress. He didn't reply.

The sun shone brightly that morning, and the men opened the windows and stood in the open entrances at the ends of each car. They waved and shouted at Japanese standing along the tracks and in the fields near the right-of-way. As the train moved through the outskirts of Yokohama, they began tossing cans of food out of the windows. At first, the flying objects from the train caused people to throw up their hands and run off in fright, but after the first few practice tosses the men learned to adjust their aim to the speed of the train, so that the cans dropped safely to the ground and skidded along until they reached the feet of the bystanders.

This brought grateful shouts and gestures of thanks. Moochie threw no food. After a time, he took a couple of cans and walked into the next car, where most of the Englishmen were riding. I followed him there.

In that car, there was considerably less excitement and exhilaration. The English were somewhat down at the mouth; unlike the Americans, they hadn't been told when or how they were to be sent home or what was to happen to them in Yokohama.

Moochie got into a conversation with an Englishman he knew whose name was Haines. He was a dour old seaman from Gorlestone, Great Yarmouth. "I don't know what the hell is wrong with me," Moochie told him, "but I just can't get very excited about getting to Yokohama."

"Ah, you're just blue, boy, because the old gang's breaking up," Haines said.

"No, it isn't that," Moochie said. "I don't know what it is."

"Throw your damned food out of the window, you crazy Yankee, and you'll feel better," Haines assured him. "You've got to keep your spirits

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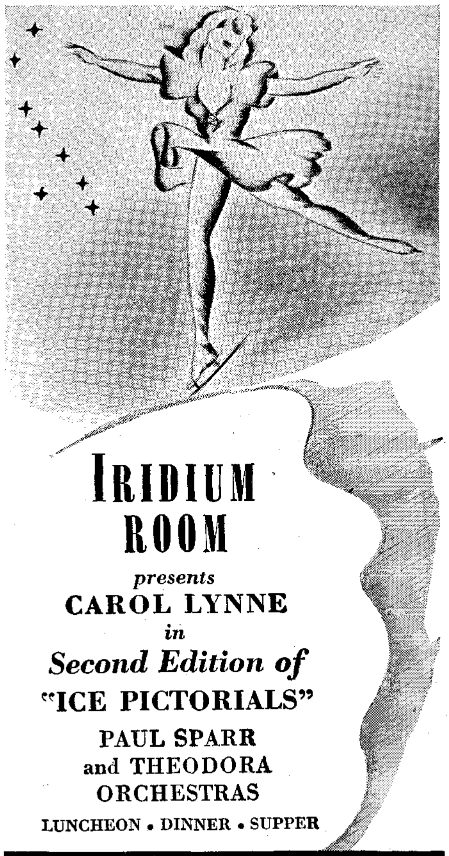
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up. You fellows have a big day ahead of you."

"Maybe my biggest days are in back of me," Moochie remarked.

"That's surely no way for you to be talking, Mooch. They'll be looking to you to lead the way."

"No, no more, Haines," Moochie said. "From here on in, I'm just a guy who used to work in a gas station." He looked down the aisle of the train and smiled. "Well, it was fun while it lasted." Then he laughed and shook his head. "Can you imagine talking like that about the camp?"

"I can imagine it," Haines said.

At Yokohama, a Navy band was out waiting at the station and a lot of Army and Navy brass was there. A few Army nurses had been brought along for atmosphere. A couple of British naval officers were there, too, dressed in tropical kit, with shorts and long wool stockings. Near the tracks, a row of trucks waited.

When the train stopped, the men jumped off and rushed toward the nurses, yelling. The band whooped it up and there was a flurry of hugging and handshaking. Newsreel cameramen took pictures of the scene and persuaded several of the ex-prisoners to say a few words before the cameras. Then the men piled onto the trucks with their gear. Word passed around that they were to be taken to a banquet in a building near the waterfront, and then to the ships in the harbor.

The Englishmen, who for a while wandered about without knowing quite what to do, made somewhat formal acquaintance with the two British officers and finally the American officers in charge of the reception ordered up some more trucks and invited them all to come along.

At the waterfront building, long banquet tables had been set up, candy bars and ice cream in unlimited quantities were passed out by Red Cross girls, and the men were served a big meal, which none of them felt like eating. There were speeches that nobody listened to and a great amount of cheering and yelling. It was a happy occasion.

I sat at a table with Moochie and Haines. When the banquet broke up, the men started to drift out the door. There were more handshakings and goodbyes. The English lined up before their trucks, the Americans climbed on the ones designated for them. When Haines said goodbye to Moochie, he made a brief, serious speech: "You Americans are going back home and

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you'll be the heroes. But what do you think will happen to us 'slimy-Limeys'? I'll get home to Gorlestone. It will be a rainy night. I'll get off the third-class coach and start toward the gate with my bag on my shoulder. I'll stop to look at the old sight, and a bobby will say, 'Sailor, get along with you. There's people here want to get home.' And then I'll go home by myself and meet the wife at the door, who'll kiss me and then tell me all the troubles we've got. I'll say, 'Woman, I'm home from the wars and can't you hold your grief until I'm inside the door?' The next day, I'll go out to the works to see if I can get my old job back. And it'll be the same God-damned bloody black grind again for me. That's what the homecoming will be for us."

Moochie had his hands jammed down into his pants pockets. He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said, half joking. "Maybe a year from now we'll wish we were back in the camp."

Haines said cheerio and started for his truck. Moochie walked off toward another.

I THOUGHT of that remark of Moochie's when I looked at the poster telling of the wrestling match, and I wondered, if my day of greatness should come, whether I could accept it as gracefully as Moochie had done, and if, when that day passed, I could watch it go with his dignity. For all I know, being able to do just that may be another form of greatness.

—WALDEMAR A. NIELSEN

•

They were married at a quiet ceremony yesterday, attended only by a few loose friends and relatives, in Beverly Hills. —*San Francisco Examiner.*

They're always the ones you can count on.

•

Carla was tired, too. Not because of her work, but because she lived under a strain, holding her breath until the six weeks had passed.—*From a story in Collier's.*

Well, it's less tiring than breathing, isn't it?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

JOPLIN, MO. (AP)—Quail hunting with a friend, Gene Hatfield leveled his gun at a bird as it rose in a flush, but he didn't have to shoot.

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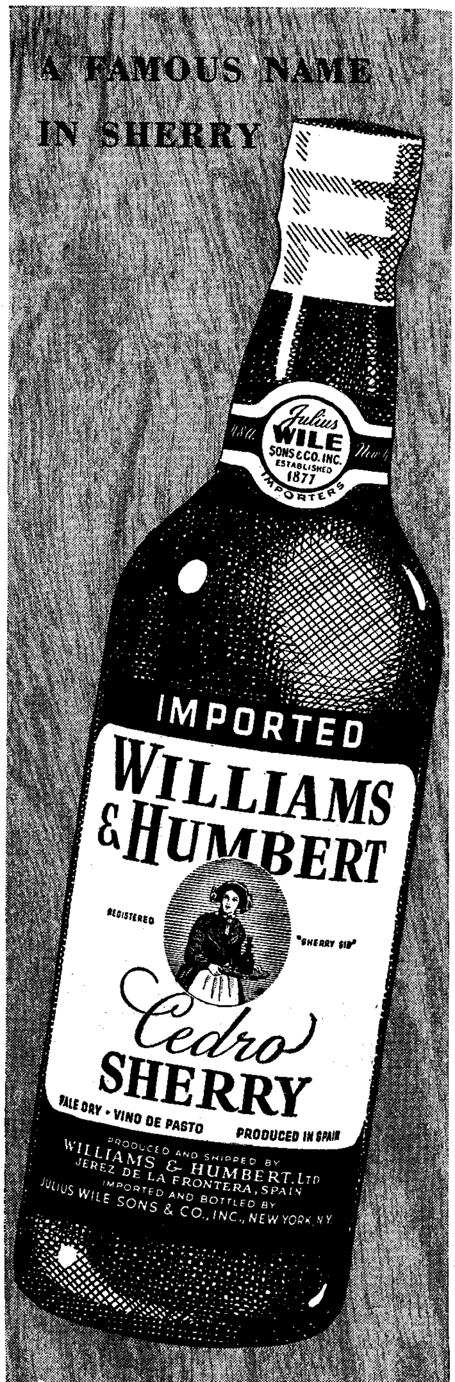

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Large and Small Groups

CHARLES MÜNCH, the latest addition to the Philharmonic-Symphony's list of guest conductors, made his local début in Carnegie Hall last week and was impressively successful. One program doesn't tell the story of a director, but it was obvious from Mr. Münch's performance on Thursday night that he is a magnetic, energetic, and resourceful maestro, who knows his music and has plenty of interesting ideas about it. He also has a sensitive feeling for quality and quantity of sound, and he can draw firm, euphonious, and well-balanced playing from an orchestra. Mr. Münch's début coincided with the first American presentation of Arthur Honegger's Third Symphony, the "Liturgique." It is a composition of great power, in which there are aggressive, dissonant passages as well as quiet and melodious ones. It is modern music, but with a finale that to some listeners may seem rather unmodern and almost sentimental. Mr. Münch, who had been selected by the composer to introduce this symphony, conducted it masterfully. He further demonstrated his abilities in Debussy's "Iberia," which was played with beautiful tone in spite of the fact that some rhythmic effect was sacrificed in the interest of melodic detail, and in a rousing and individual presentation of Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloe" suite. Sir Hamilton Harty's suite arranged from Handel's "Water Music" was done crisply and smoothly.

MUSIC by Ravel was also very effectively presented at the Philadelphia Orchestra's Carnegie Hall concert last week, when Robert Casadesus, with brilliant coöperation from Eugene Ormandy and his ensemble, gave a first-rate performance of Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand. A Mozart piano concerto was less interesting, because it seemed too determinedly classical, despite the fine piano and orchestral playing that went into it. The celebrated Philadelphia Orchestra tone was in evidence all evening, along with the virtuosity that Mr. Ormandy customarily brings out in his organization. Debussy's "The Sea" had, as was proper, sweep and color. Sibelius's Seventh Symphony had the benefit of superb instrumental treatment, too, but I think this symphony has more charm when it's done a bit more lightly.

TIMES HALL offered performances by two of our smaller groups in the course of the week—the New York Little Symphony and the recently formed Musicians' Guild. The Little Symphony's director is Joseph Barone, a hospitable musician who invites other conductors to share programs with him, sponsors little-known young soloists, and makes room on his bills for compositions that aren't heard frequently. Mr. Barone's guest conductor on this occasion was Will Lorin, who took charge of his assignment with enthusiasm and capability. He was especially successful with his own "Rondeau," written in 1938, when he was twenty, and Charles Ives' fascinating "The Unanswered Question." The "Rondeau" operates on a stop-and-go principle that I don't care for greatly, but when the piece goes, it goes brightly and pointedly. The evening's soloist was the pianist Ozan Marsh, who played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto ably and, in the more reflective stretches, poetically, to an excellent accompaniment directed by Mr. Barone.

The Musicians' Guild, whose members are Lillian Fuchs, Joseph Fuchs, the Kroll Quartet, Leonard Rose, Frank Sheridan, and Leo Smit, began its career with an outstanding concert of chamber music. Carlton Cooley and Frank Miller were guests, adding a viola and a cello, respectively, to the Kroll Quartet for a distinguished performance of Bohuslav Martinu's delightful string sextet. Everything was handsomely done, and perhaps an extra line should be added to commend Mr. and Miss Fuchs' remarkable playing of Mozart's B-flat duo for violin and viola.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Faceward, to cover the ears, to mollify the skin with softness: this is the direction and the purpose of new coiffures. Here, swiped from the early Victorians, is a coiffure obeying those impulses. The top-knot is a soufflé, which flattens sous your cloche.—*Vogue.*

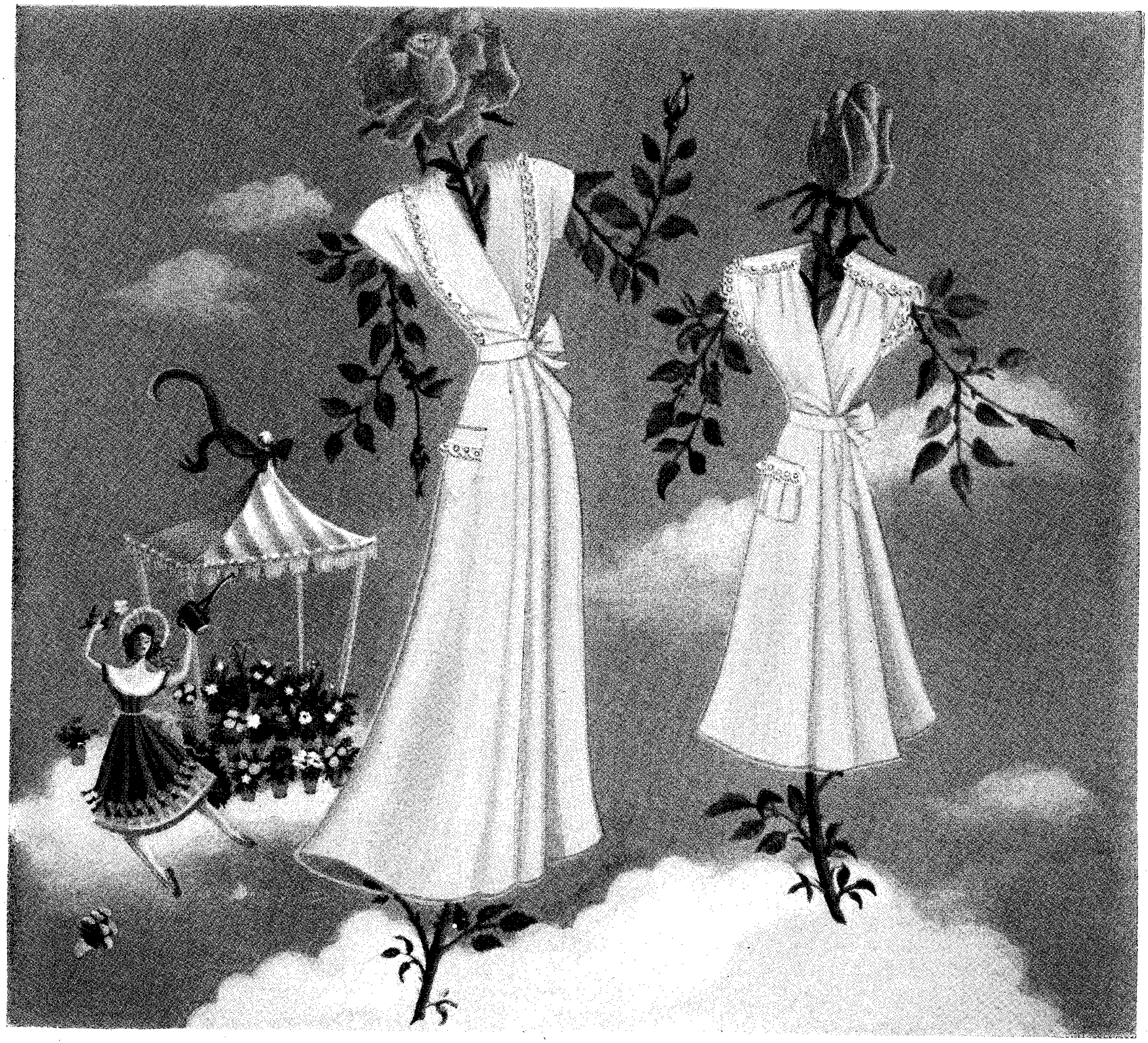
But oui indeedy.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From Air Facts, the Magazine for Pilots*]

The new Ercoupes are coming out now, several a day, all bright and shiny and into about as eager hands as ever paced a hangar floor.



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OF ALL THINGS

IT now seems likely that the question of who is Governor of Georgia will have to be decided, once and for all, by the courts. This is obviously not one of those cases where two heads are better than one.

•

Congress has modernized its procedure to some extent, but the old seniority system still prevails in its committees. As in days of yore, chairmen are chosen not for their ability but for their durability.

•

Representative Monroney proposes a Constitutional amendment providing for the election of two Vice-Presidents. He thinks that we would feel much safer if we carried another spare.

•

The Army has issued an order toughening up the physical requirements for entrance to West Point. The new rule should give the Academy bigger and better cadets and rougher football teams.

•

For the second successive year, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation reports that not one of its member banks failed. The banks seem to have been cured of the old habit of blowing up in depositors' faces.

•

Ground hogs would be well advised not to leave their holes on February 2nd. Some desperate homeseekers might be tempted to move in.

•

The government has discovered that these portal-pay suits have reached alarming proportions. Millions of workers are now trying to earn their bread from door to door.

•

President Truman reports that the problems of his office have not in the least undermined his health. He is in fine condition for a man who has an elephant on his hands.

•

It is announced that the December fire loss in the United States was the greatest for any month in sixteen years. Yet there never was a time when we had fewer houses to burn.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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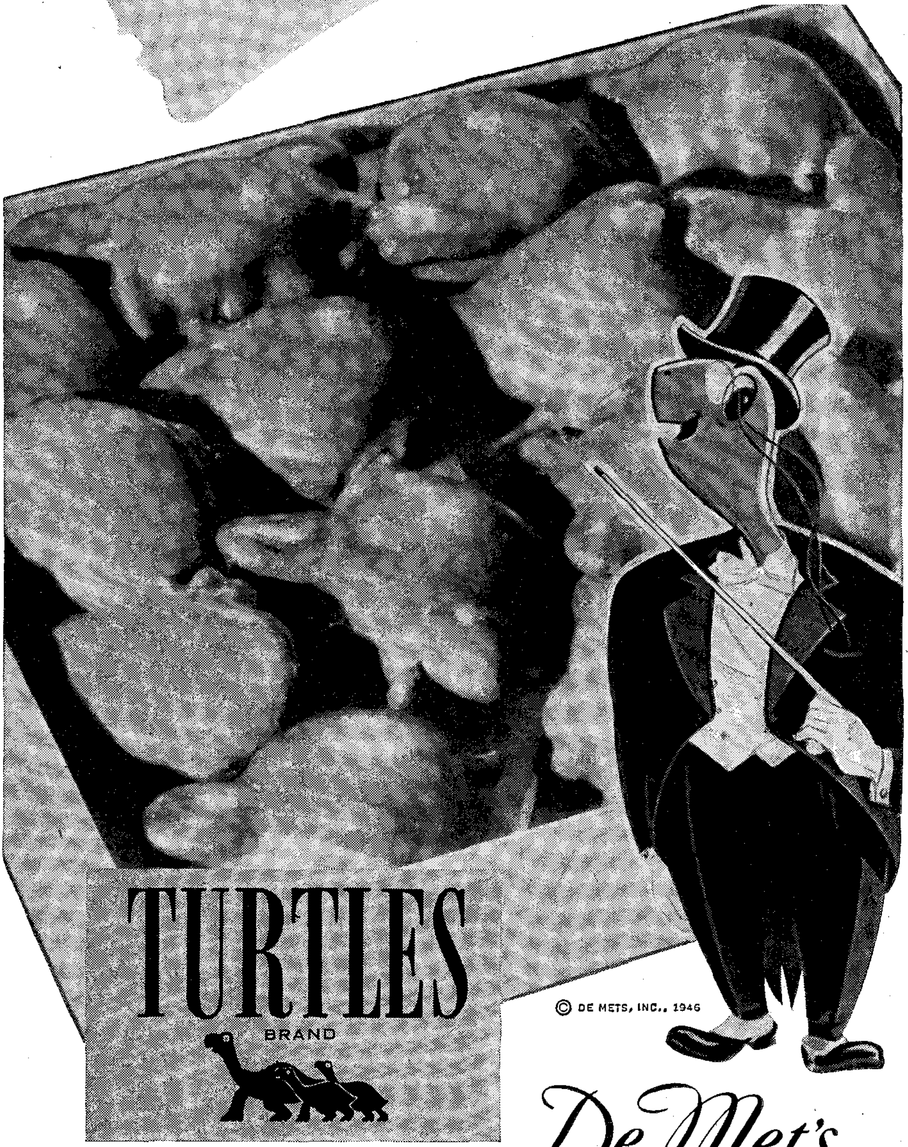

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Florida, Montgomery, and No Bacall

IN adapting Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Pulitzer Prize novel, "The Yearling," to the screen, Paul Osborn has done a first-class job with material that in less skilled hands could easily have been distorted into something depressingly mawkish. There are spots in this account of a boy's growing up in the backwoods of Florida in 1878 that are overburdened with sentimentality, but by and large the film is as straightforward as the book and frequently just as moving. As its small hero, Jody, makes the transition from childhood to adolescence, "The Yearling" gets the most out of such good themes as a boy's friendship with an understanding father, his enthusiasm about animals, wild and domestic, and his loneliness in a hard and primitive world. The picture aims mostly at describing the development of Jody, but it does not lack excitement, and I have no doubt that you'll be as diverted as I was by some of the episodes—among them, a bear hunt, a free-swinging pioneer brawl, and an almost fatal encounter with a rattler. The film teeters closest to the edge of bathos when Jody encounters the fawn that becomes his pet, but fortunately it never quite falls over. "The Yearling" is handicapped in its boy-and-fawn scenes by some of the most overpowering choral music you've ever heard, and also by the fact that nobody can talk to a deer the way Jody does without sounding a little sticky. These scenes are mighty handsome, though, and so are most of the others in the picture—maybe a trifle too handsome to convince you that Jody and his family are almost completely poverty-stricken.

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

Claude Jarman, Jr., as Jody, gives the best performance any Hollywood youngster has turned in for a long time, and Gregory Peck is excellent as the father. Chivalry being remote from my kind of work, I have to report that Jane Wyman, in the role of Mr. Peck's wife, seems grievously miscast. But nobody can say she doesn't do her best.

DURING one sequence in "Lady in the Lake," the lovely face of Audrey Totter, lips ajar, comes swimming out at you from the screen, presumably to honor you with a kiss so massive that it might well scare a megalomaniac. Before you and Miss Totter get anywhere, though, her face is lost in shadows and the wild dream dissolves. Most of the camera trickery that has gone into "Lady in the Lake" tends to wind up just as lamely. The film, directed by Robert Montgomery, who is also its star, makes an attempt to alter the usual story-telling formula of Hollywood by letting the camera function as the eyes of the protagonist, who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors or when he turns up as narrator, to explain what's going on to backward members of the audience. Mr. Montgomery's device is by no means new, but I can't remember any film in which audience participation, if that's the way to describe it, has been insisted upon as much as it is in "Lady in the Lake," and Mr. Montgomery deserves credit for at least trying to be original. One major trouble with the picture, apart from a Raymond Chandler plot that is as hard to follow as a shell game, is its brushing aside of the facts of optometry. Substituting for the human eye, the camera constantly fails to realize the limitations of that organ, and it etches into sharp focus all kinds of scenes that the eye could never see that clearly.

It's too bad that while this original mood was on him, Mr. Montgomery didn't try to find a script involving characters a bit more interesting than the riffraff who populate "Lady in the Lake." All the bores of the standard murder mystery are in the piece, from the tough-talking private detective (always known as the "eye," "op," or "peeper") to the lunatic killer nobody suspects. I don't think I'm alone in my desire to have the lot of them relegated to the literary underbrush from which they sprang.

I THOUGHT Bogart and Bacall were as inseparable as Lunt and Fontanne, but apparently they're not, for in "Dead Reckoning" Miss Bacall's customary role has been usurped by Lizabeth Scott. This, however, is not so drastic a change in the Bogart scheme of things as you might imagine. Miss Scott not only resembles Miss Bacall closely but can flare her nostrils even more vigorously. Without exhausting your patience by giving you the details of this melodrama, which follows the Bogart pattern, I can tell you that Miss Scott, because she has double-crossed a pal of Humphrey's, comes to no good end. In fact, she winds up in murderers' row in the Big House, just as Mary Astor did when she double-crossed that other pal of Humphrey's, in "The Maltese Falcon." On his way to surrender Miss Scott to the authorities, Mr. Bogart runs through a fairly typical scene with her. "You're going to fry," he snarls. "Ah," says Miss Scott yearningly. "Can't we put this behind us? Don't you love me?" Mr. Bogart sneers heavily, but you can see that deep down under he loves her. She fries.

THE message in "Her Sister's Secret" is clear: Don't go around having illegitimate babies. The lady who has one in this film passes it off as her sister's, but then she gets to feeling maternal, and after that her life is hell. It cost, I am told, a million dollars to make "Her Sister's Secret." Maybe the money should have been donated to a home for foundlings.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

I dreamed up a string of titles on domesticated themes that would fit the Ladies' Home Journal, the Woman's Home Companion, and Good Housekeeping. I figured out some sophisticated treatments of SUDS (Society to Uplift Domestic Service) policies for Vogue and Harper's Bazaar, some inspirational ideas for the American and This Week, some pictorial layouts for Life and Look, some satirical approaches for Esquire and the New Yorker, some serious economic analyses for Fortune and the Saturday Evening Post. I even thought of a couple of articles for the Nation and the New Republic, but I crossed them off the list. —*From "Pick Your Victim," by Pat McCerr.*

First sign of a man's losing his grip.

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(PLAIN TALK DIVISION)

[*From "Your Success in Marriage Tests," by Albert Edward Wiggam*]

If the groom's father is dead, while not so good an indication as if his parents are both living and happily married, yet it adds several per cent to the couple's prospects of marital harmony; and if his mother is dead, the prospects are still better. However, if the wife's father is dead it makes no special difference; and if her mother is dead, instead of being favorable, it is an unfavorable item.

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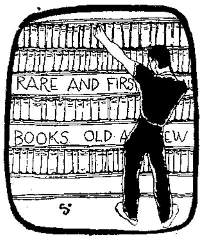
BOOKS

The Art of James M. Cain



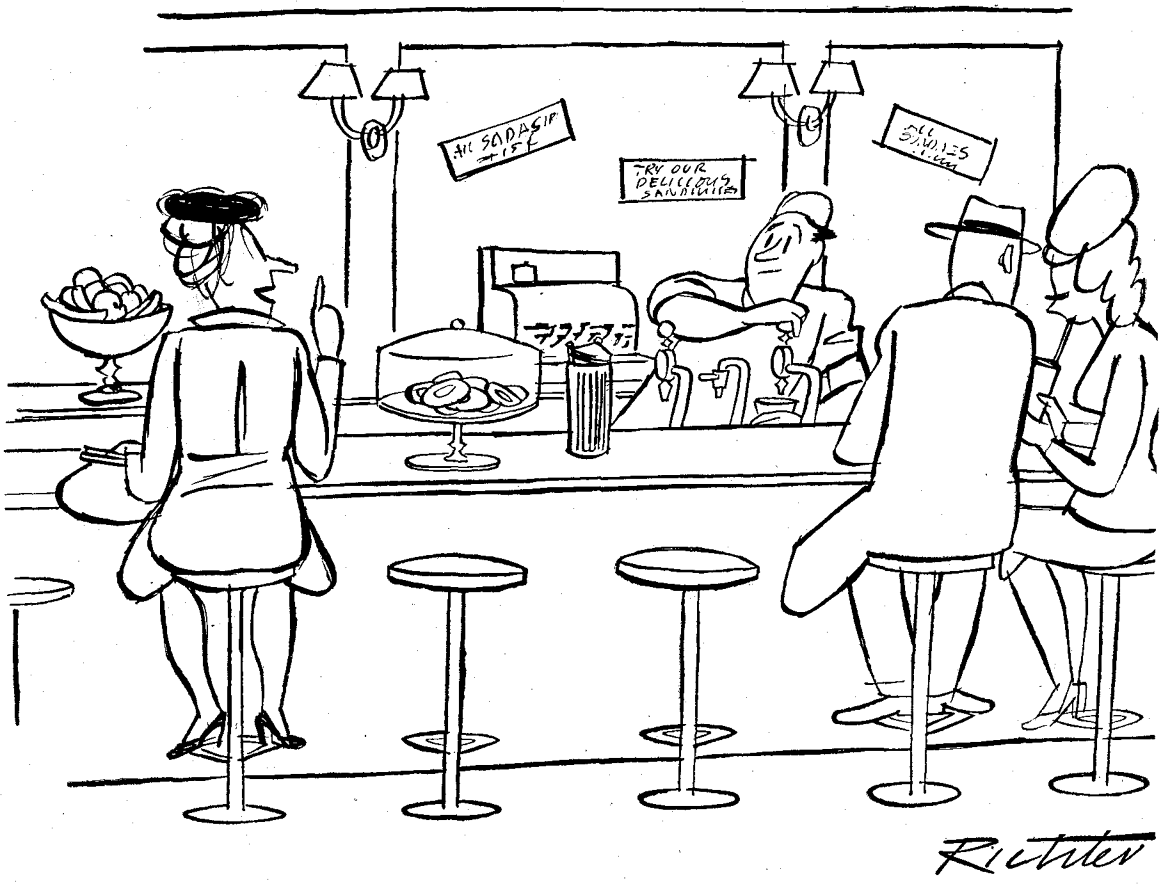
NOW that James M. Cain has published his latest novel, "The Butterfly" (Knopf), it can no longer be denied that he is the best comic-strip artist in the country. Mr. Cain's talent in this direction has been apparent ever since he wrote "The Postman Always Rings Twice," but even his later and more mature work, such as his fairly recent "Past All Dishonor," does not suggest the mastery evident in every page of his new book. There are those, I imagine, who may contend that the creators of Dick Tracy and Steve Canyon are his superiors, but any such claim is nonsense. Mr. Cain puts his characters through much more astonishing paces, and does it with a comic resourcefulness that none of his competitors can match. All that can be said of them, perhaps, is that the figures in their fables have a greater credibility and that they are rather more skillful at writing the English language.

Mr. Cain's daring must not be overlooked, either. Having already proved his courage by calling sex a three-letter word, he now proves, in "The Butterfly," that the awesome theme of incest can be reduced, by one for whom it holds no terrors, to the happy formula of boy meets girl. Mr. Cain's boy is a forty-two-year-old man named Jess Tyler, who has a small farm in a played-out section of West Virginia. The girl is a much younger person named Kady, who—and I quote—"was nineteen or twenty, kind of a medium size, with light hair, blue eyes, and a pretty shape." She turns up at Jess's farm one evening around the milking hour, and in less time than it takes the milk to cool, she is making eyes at him. Jess isn't nearly so practiced at this sort of thing as she is, but beneath his quiet exterior there lurks a nature as inflammable as a celluloid collar. Kady makes her home with him, and though she produces enough evidence to convince Jess that she is his own daughter (his wife, a long time ago, picked up the kids and ran off with a fellow named Moke, one hell of a man with a banjo), Jess is made to say that "all the time my heart was pounding at the way she made me feel, and all the time I could see she knew how she made me feel, and didn't care."

Anybody who wants to know what happens next will have to read the book. The richness of Mr. Cain's accomplishment, like the richness of those scows that used to ply the East River and dump their cargoes out at sea, can be appreciated only at first hand. I think it is illustrative of his inventiveness, however, that Kady eventually turns out to be Moke's daughter, not Jess's, which makes it possible for his inflammability to merge with hers in a hot, incineratory flame. But this touch is as nothing compared to the device of having Jess tell the whole story in the first person by writing it in an old ledger after Kady has deserted him and he has been trapped in his lonely cabin by a hard-jawed enemy who acts as if he were named Hatfield or McCoy. Since Jess is killed off, it might seem difficult to carry this scheme through, but Mr. Cain has no trouble getting around *that.* The last sentence of his book looks like this:

> I'm cut off. Ed Blue is out there and

If the reader can't hear the crack of a rifle and see Jess Tyler slump over his ledger with the gnawed stump of a pencil clutched in his hand (I'm just guessing about the pencil; Mr. Cain doesn't say what he used), he can write himself off as being too insensitive to get anything from Mr. Cain's book. And Mr. Cain, it happens, feels very strongly about insensitive people. I think this could go without saying, in view of the nerve-end sensitivity that reveals itself in practically every line Mr. Cain has written, but he has nevertheless spoken his mind freely in his preface for his new book. Mr. Cain's introductory remarks are reminiscent of those that Henry James did for his books in that the



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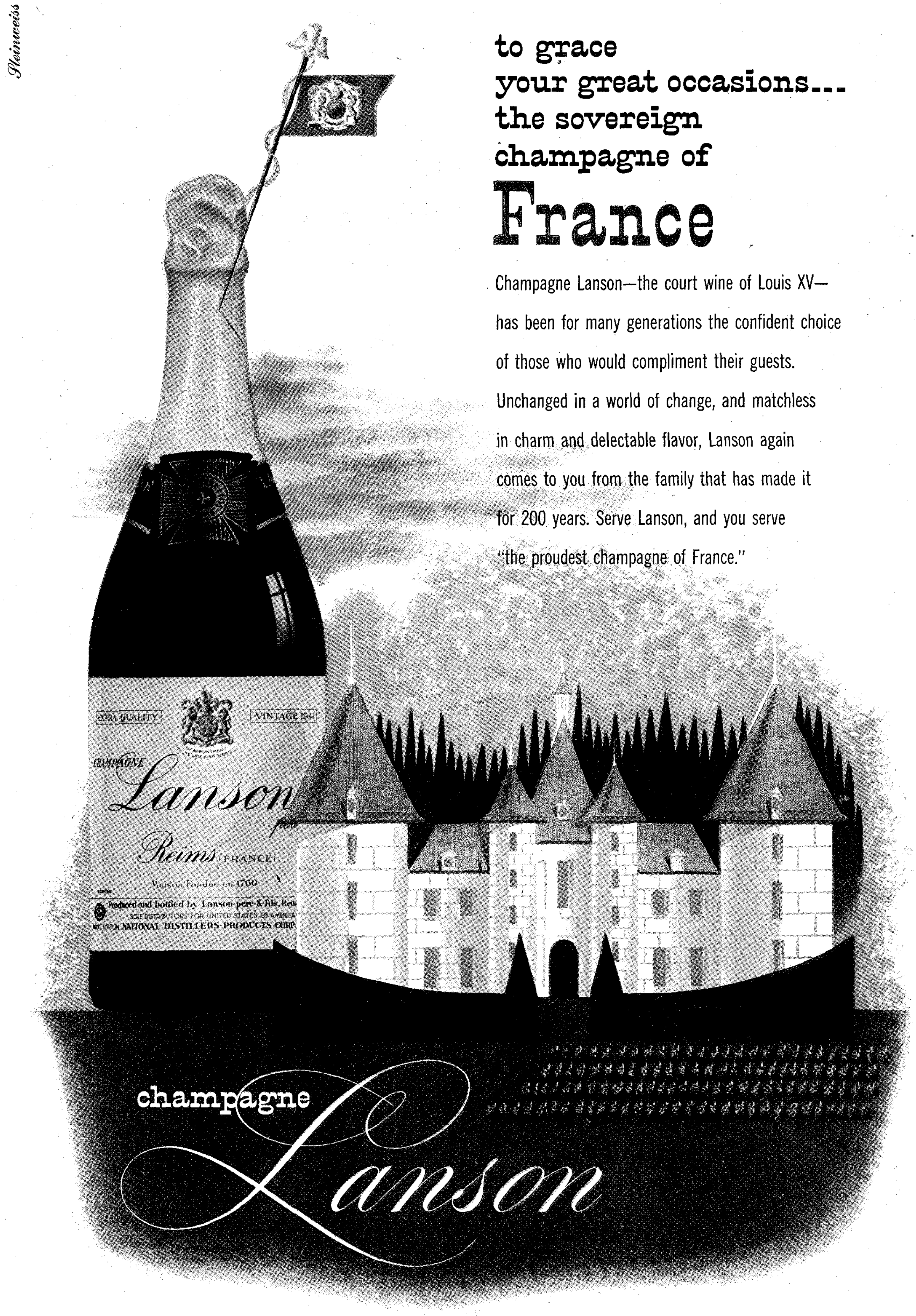
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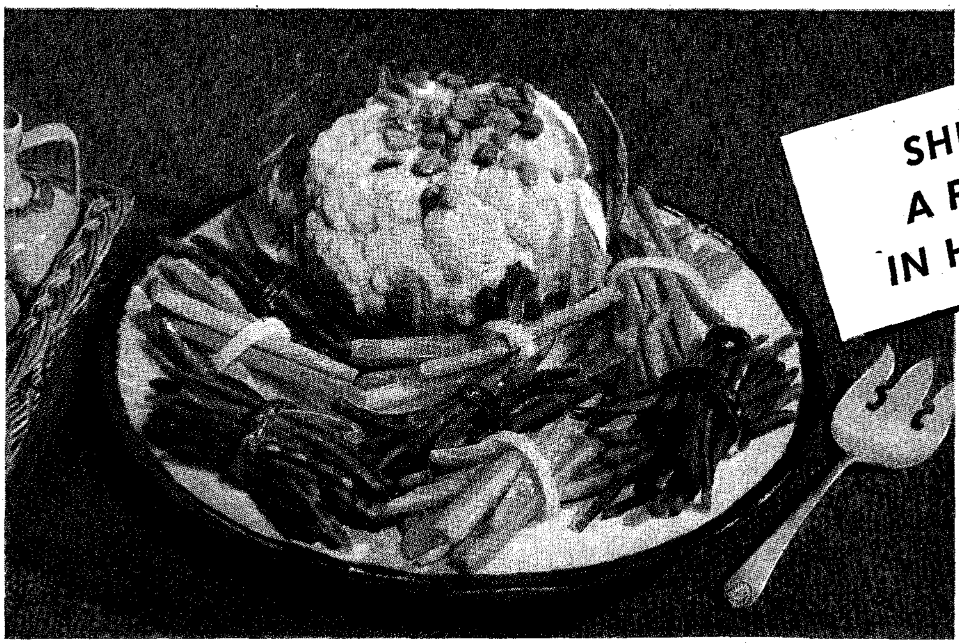
WHEN A WOMAN SHOPS

When a woman shops
up and down the aisles
of her favorite market
scanning with critical eye
price and brand and quality—
the things she buys
are but portions of a plan
coming bit by bit to life—
for all the time, you see



SHE HAS A PICTURE IN HER MIND

She has a picture
of a mealtime triumph
in her mind—
a picture inspired by things
she's read or seen in her
favorite women's magazine—
and as she shops
she thinks how she herself
can make that picture real!

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preface is a generic form, but Mr. Cain does not indulge in that involuted, oblique style that makes James so annoying. “If he can write a book at all,” he says, getting a hammerlock on the whole process of literary creation, “a writer cannot do it by peeping over his shoulder at somebody else, any more than a woman can have a baby by watching some other woman have one. It is a genital process, and all of its stages are intra-abdominal; it is sealed off in such a fashion that outside ‘influences’ are almost impossible.” I dislike making sweeping statements, but nowhere in the whole field of aesthetic inquiry can this paragraph be matched. Mr. Cain, unlike Tolstoy in “What Is Art?” and various other writers who have attempted to understand the creative impulse, does not waste his time, or ours, in useless speculation. And his central argument, of course, is irrefutable. *Can* a woman have a baby by watching another woman have one? Think it over.

Mr. Cain’s intra-abdominal assertions are part of a declaration to the effect that he fits into no category of writers and that those critics who have included him in the so-called “hard-boiled school” of literature and compared him with Ernest Hemingway don’t know what they are talking about. He is most emphatic about this, and takes up several pages to deny that he and Hemingway have anything in common except, perhaps, an equal measure of talent. The sum of Mr. Cain’s argument is that he is a pure, unadulterated original, of the sort that turns up once in a century. I certainly hope he is right.

“Children of Vienna,” by Robert Neumann (Dutton), is the most illuminating book about postwar Europe that I have read. Although it is called a novel, it is really a fairy tale, and a rather wonderful one, at that. Mr. Neumann invents a Negro preacher from Louisiana, the Reverend Hoseah Washington Smith, makes him an Army chaplain, sets him down in Vienna, and lets him stumble into a ruined cellar inhabited by a group of homeless children—thieves, pickpockets, and prostitutes—none of whom is more than sixteen years old. Such a setup could have collapsed at any moment into the worst kind of sentimentality, but Mr. Neumann keeps us laughing instead—not out loud but inwardly, the sort of laughter that can be as deeply moving as terror or tears. The children, older by a hundred years than the Reverend Smith

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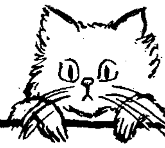

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and living in circumstances that cause him to look back upon the hardness of his own life almost as paradise, see him as easy prey. When he leaves the cellar after his initial visit, they have stripped him of practically everything but his clothes. Nevertheless, the Reverend promises them help, to their cynical disbelief, which turns, as he brings them food and presents, into stunned devotion. They feel as if they are in the presence of a miracle and, because of Mr. Neumann's skill and artistry, we get a sense of the miracle, too. Finally, in an effort to return the children to the world of children again, the Reverend withdraws his life savings from his bank ("Two thousand one hundred and thirty-six American dollars?" one of the children asks incredulously. "And sixty cents," another adds) and forges a set of papers that, with the help of a jeep, can take them all to the sanctuary of Switzerland. They don't get there, though. The Reverend is suspected by one of his fellow-chaplains, a white man, of having an affair with one of the girls. Smith is arrested, the children scatter, and all that is left is the hope that there will be a greater, more lasting miracle that will rescue such children for once and for all—and other children, as yet untouched, from similar disaster.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THERE WERE NO WINDOWS, by Norah Hoult (Didier). An almost unbearably painful picture of senility, in which Miss Hoult has created an extraordinarily vivid and tragic figure of an old lady in her dotage. The story covers a few months in the life of an aged novelist who has lost her memory. She lives on in her large London house, cared for by a brutal Irish cook and, later, by a companion whose cockney gentility infuriates her. The unfortunate lady does not even possess the gentleness of a Père Goriot, nor has she any dignity—that last prop of the old—and her unending repetitiousness hammers on your nerves until it nearly becomes intolerable. A remarkably skillful tour de force, but the question arises whether Miss Hoult is not wasting her time by studying meticulously and at such length so static a situation.

THE GIPSY'S BABY, by Rosamond Lehmann (Reynal & Hitchcock). Five delicate sketches, in which the elusive lights of childhood are caught and held for a moment. The events in the title story are seen through the eyes of a little girl; in another, a woman (the child grown up) remembers an episode of her youth. The three other tales present women endeavoring to shield their children from the bewilderments of war. The material is provocative and Miss Lehmann has made much of it; that she has not made more is cause for disappointment.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Paul I. Wellman (Lippincott). A get-it-all-in novel about two ambitious men who dominate the life of a growing Kansas town at the beginning of this century. Each marries the wrong woman, and eventually, under the stress of political ambitions and feminine intrigue, their friendship turns into a feud. Mr. Wellman is not a thinker, nor, for that matter, is he especially deft at characterization, but he has written a readable and mildly homiletic yarn that has a credible atmosphere of violent political tensions and a carefully worked-in small-town background.

MY PAST WAS AN EVIL RIVER, by George Millar (Doubleday). In this novel, his first, Mr. Millar introduces a displaced Frenchman into a quiet Bavarian valley, where a former friend of Hitler, a crowd of American soldiers, and finally a band of Nazi diehards turn up. After that, contrivance takes its course. Those who admired Mr. Millar's "Waiting in the Night" and "Horned Pigeon" are bound to be disappointed.

GENERAL

THE SHOWMAN OF VANITY FAIR: THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, by Lionel Stevenson (Scribner). This biography is a perfect complement to Thackeray's letters and private papers, which have been coming out a couple of volumes at a time. Thackeray makes a highly animated subject for biography. He got around, he talked out of turn, he lived too well off claret and beefsteak, he scandalized lecture audiences on both sides of the Atlantic, he stood for Parliament and got licked, he engaged in inky quarrels with well-known contemporaries, and he was, in general, quite a fellow. Mr. Stevenson does him full justice in an attractive book thickly illustrated with Thackeray's drawings.

DISCOVERY OF EUROPE, edited by Philip Rahv (Houghton Mifflin). An anthology with an idea, for a

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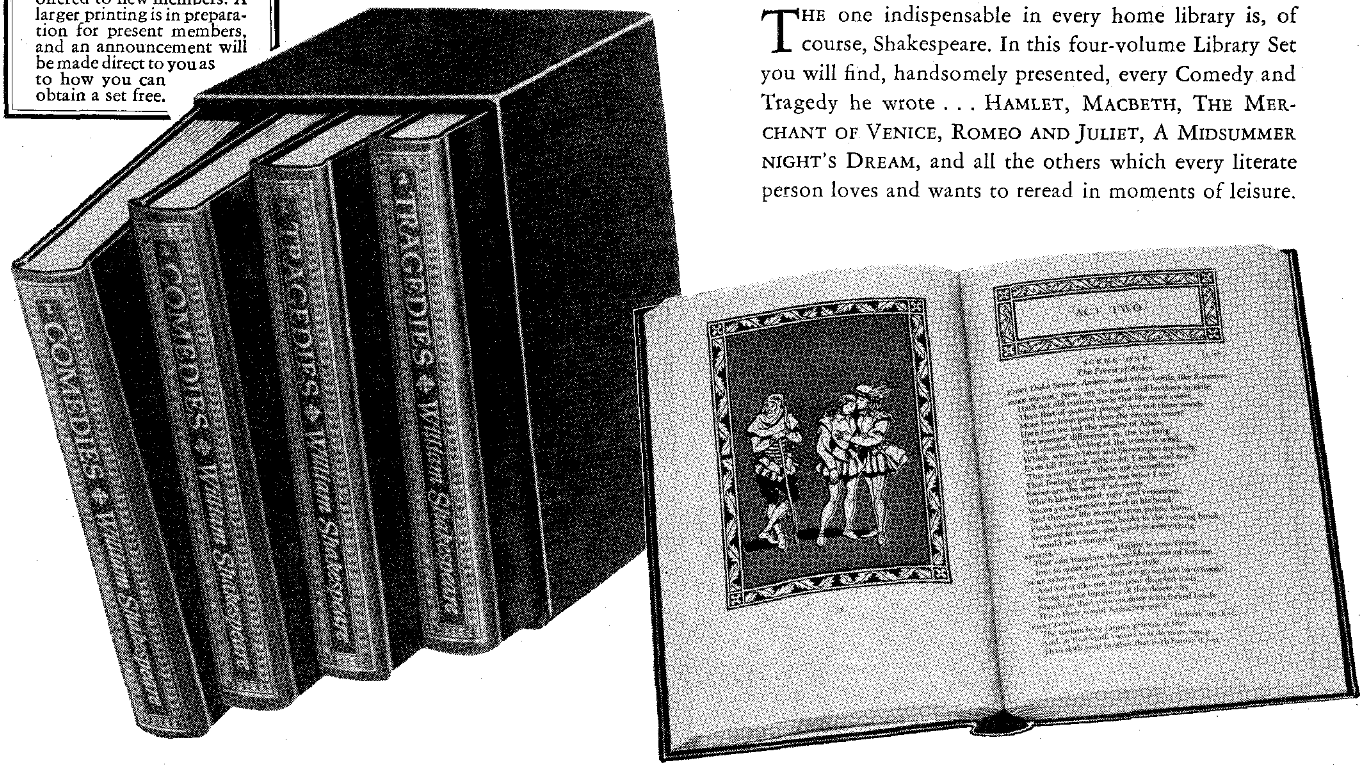
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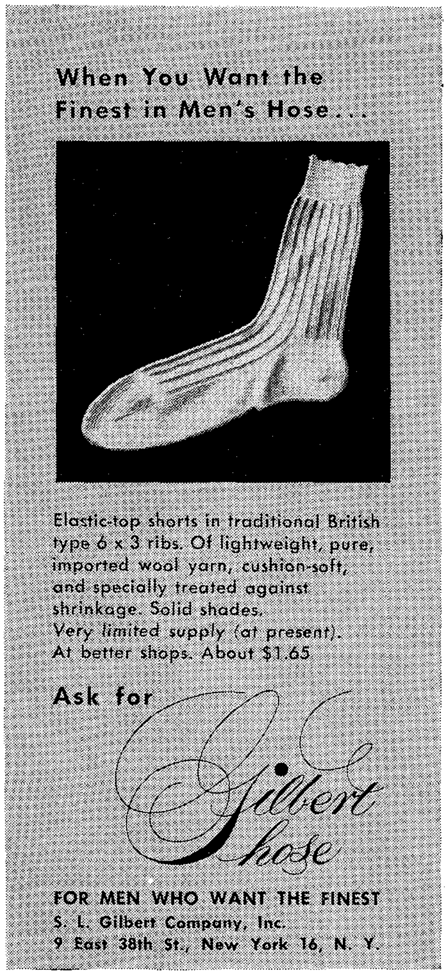

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change. This is a collection of letters, travel diaries, stories, chapters from novels, and so on, in which many Americans have recorded the impressions made upon them by their experiences in Europe, and which show the extent of the influence exerted on their taste and thought by the older countries. The writers include Benjamin Franklin, Jefferson, and other early travellers; Henry James, of course; Henry Adams, Melville, and Mark Twain, as well as such moderns as Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, and Malcolm Cowley. Mr. Rahv has written an interesting introduction, and his choices are good, except for the twentieth-century list, which seems a bit arbitrary. The Ring Lardner piece, for instance, is rather footling, there is no Fitzgerald, and the two excerpts from Thomas Wolfe are embarrassingly bad.

Thurlow Weed, by Glyndon G. Van Deusen (Little, Brown). A biography of the famous political boss, who started as an upstate printer and became a Warwick to Presidents, the first master of lobby strategy in American politics, one of the founders of the Republican Party, and, quite by the way, a millionaire. Mr. Van Deusen, in the course of his researches (this is the first thorough life of Weed, except for his discursive and senile autobiography), appears to have become quite fond of the old rascal, but his enthusiasm is not infectious. An able, if conventionally written, job. Illustrated.

Hannah More and Her Circle, by Mary Alden Hopkins (Longmans, Green). A leisurely conversation piece about an eighteenth-century writer whose works—poetic, dramatic, and religious—were exceedingly popular in their day but are now forgotten. Her close friendships with David Garrick, John Wesley, Dr. Johnson, and Macaulay, however, attest to a strong and attractive personality, and Miss Hopkins, who concerns herself as much with the circle as with Hannah More, has produced an unpretentious book that humorously and skillfully evokes a dead age. Illustrated.

Pearl Harbor, by George Morgenstern (Devin-Adair). Purportedly the documented story of how President Roosevelt and a "White House circle" manipulated a "delegated enemy" into making an armed attack on this nation that would force an "unwilling people" into war. The documents are mostly transcriptions of the hearings held by the Congressional committees that investigated the Pearl Harbor disaster, and there's nothing very secret about them ("East Wind Rain" and all that). The book is stern and righteous in tone, but the author's emotionally charged phrases—"secret diplomacy," "military intrigue," "personal ambition," "obscure motives"—aside from providing a pretty lesson in applied semantics, end up by giving an effect of frivolousness. Mr. Morgenstern is a Chicago newspaperman, and you have only one guess as to which paper he works for.

The Dance, by John Martin (Tudor). A photographic history, with a text by a veteran critic, that deals (sometimes too curtly) with practically every period and school of the dance—the primitive dance, the folk dance, ballroom dancing, and ballet—and their interpreters, among them Isadora Duncan, Pavlova, Nijinsky, and Martha Graham. The book, a handsome and competent job containing many fine pictures, is designed more for the interested spectator than for the earnest student.

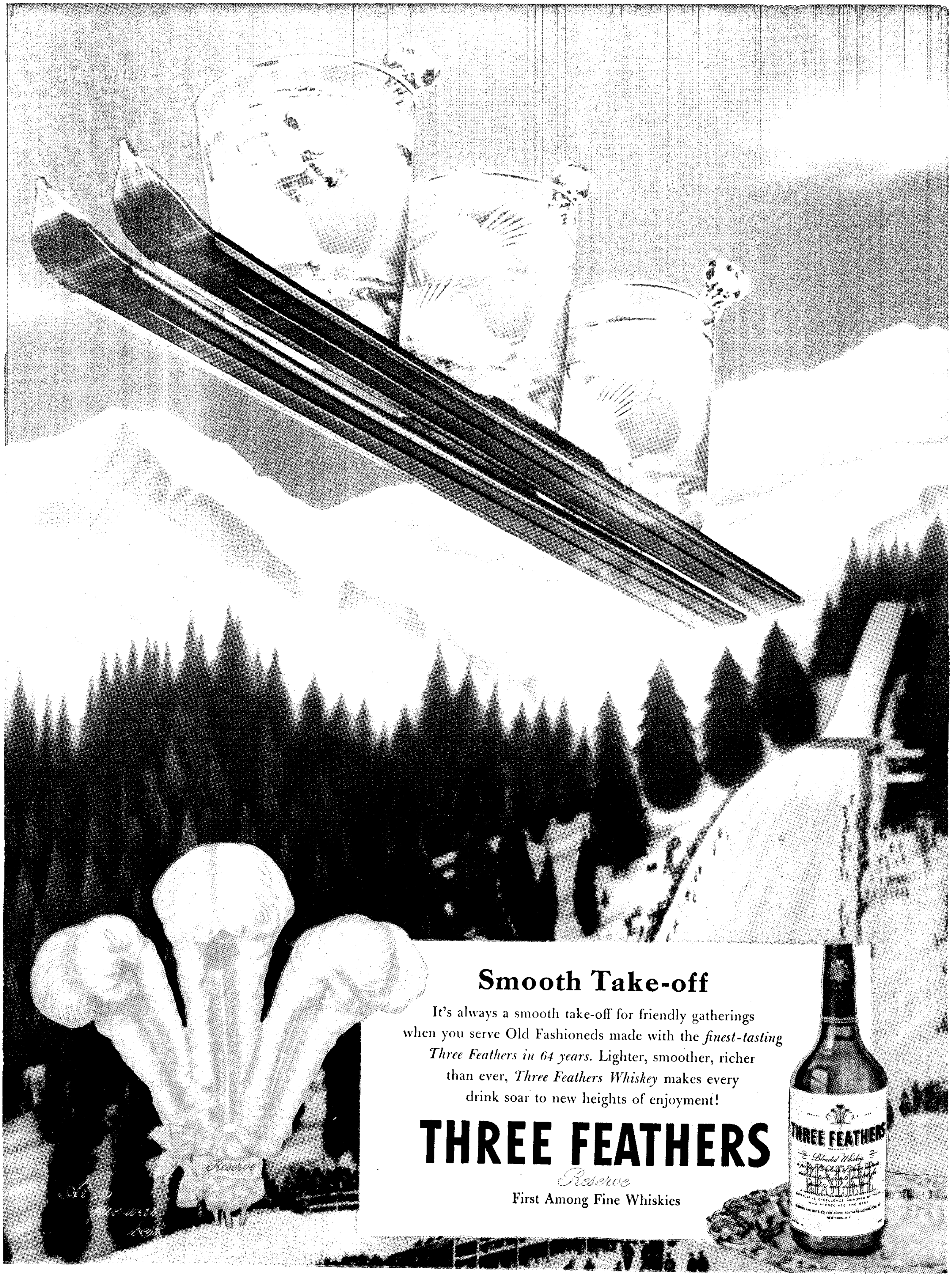
The Portable Maupassant, edited by Lewis Galantière (Viking). An unusually good collection—twenty short stories (including the inescapable "The Necklace") and novelettes, the novel "A Woman's Life," an essay, and letters. Although one is accustomed to think of Maupassant only as the ideal tale spinner, he really put a great deal of himself into his stories—his mother worship, his moroseness, his preoccupation with mortality and madness, and his concern with disease. This anthology is almost a psychological biography of the man, a study that is rounded off with some revealing correspondence and excerpts from Maupassant's diary indicating that he was a savagely self-tortured man. There is a capable introduction by the editor.

•

WHICH COLUMN ON PAGE 25 OF THE WASHINGTON "DAILY NEWS" D'YA READ?

To this writer, the President's first Economic Report to Congress seemed old, indefinite, and often unintelligible stuff. *—Peter Edson, page 25 of the Washington Daily News, January 9, 1947.*

The story is so well told in the report [President Truman's Economic Report] that it ought to be read by everybody. *—Thomas L. Stokes, same page, same day.*



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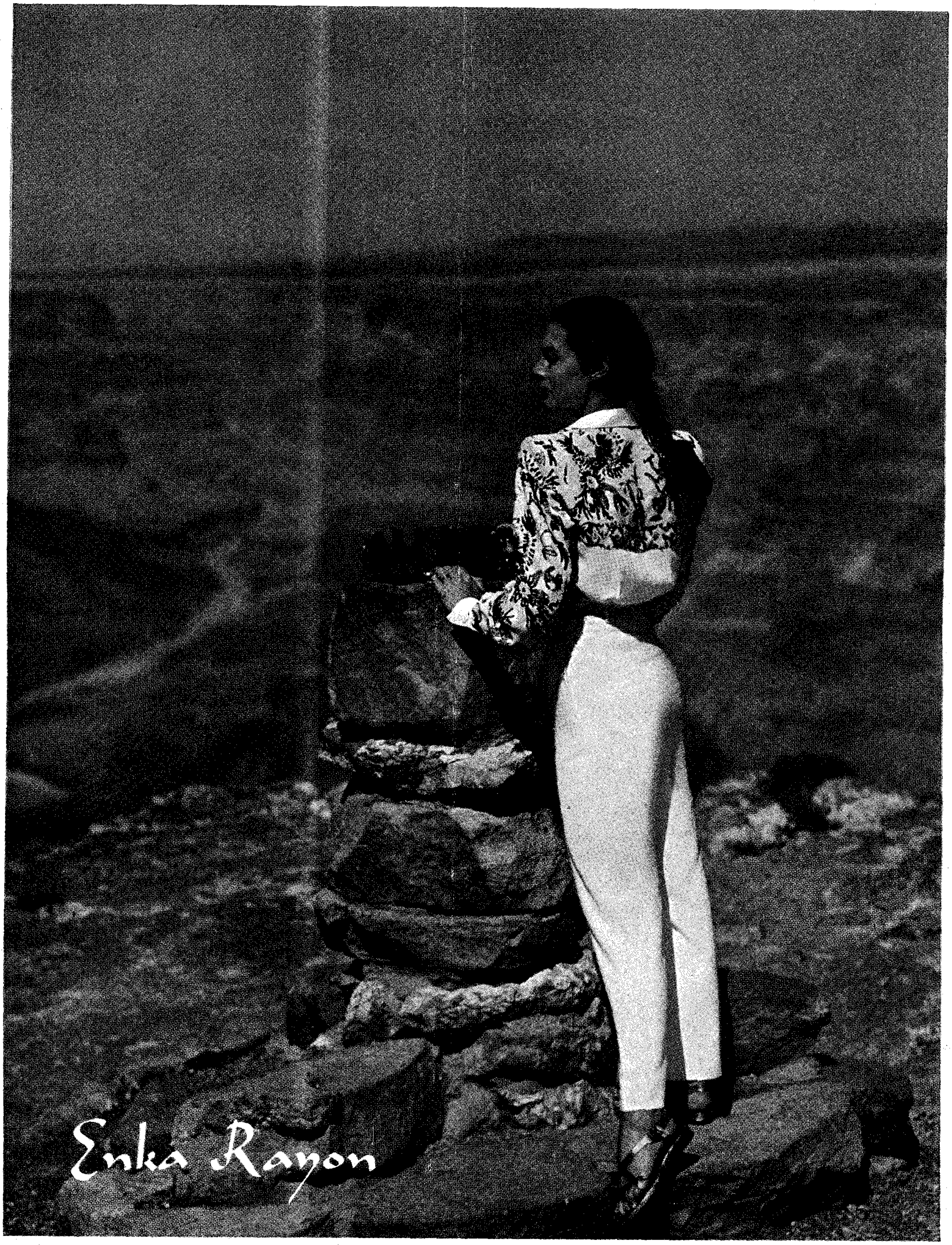

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